

THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE CADOGAN DIARIES

PART I

In-fighting in Downing Street as Europe falls

- Churchill's Foreign Office chief with intimate revelations including
- the 'dirty dog' (Sir Samuel Hoare, previously Chamberlain's Home Secretary)
- the 'awful' Brendon Bracken
- Beaverbrook 'rushing things into the shop window'

JANE GOODALL'S

Life with the chimps
and her verdict
on new lessons
from the primate society

Why British executives are the poor men of Europe

Business News surveys salary comparisons

PLANET EARTH

New pull-out and keep guide to men and money, power and politics in the world today
Part 2. James Cameron on the Indian countries with remarkable pictures

COLOR MAGAZINE



NEWS DIGEST

OCTOBER 1971

Well sought in murder case

YARD detectives investigating the murder of Ian Donald Heysman who was killed in a car crash in Carmarthenshire, said yesterday they would like to interview Frederick Heysman, who has been sought since the police killing on August 23.

Fires in Sydney

Australia, and 100 miles of coast to the city were last night threatened by a series of bush fires, caused by high spring temperatures and strong winds up to 70 mph. Two timber mills have been destroyed and scores of houses abandoned. About 10 patients at two hospitals in the suburb of North Turramoreland were evacuated when smoke billowed through the bush fire was threatening Wyong, 65 miles north of Sydney.

Over smog

Trade union leaders are planning to strike the building and metal working industries this week over the industrial smog in the Rotterdam area. They argue that poisoned air is as serious a problem as bad working conditions. Other unions are sure to join in the demand for government action.

Earth test fear

The megaton Cannikin underground test, which the Americans plan to carry out in the next few weeks, could trigger a major earthquake, according to a report issued yesterday by the British Social Responsibility in Science. It says that tidal waves produced by the test could produce serious damage as Japan and Hawaii.

Concorde peace plan

OLA for settling the month-long Concorde Corporation dispute, which had production of Concorde will be meeting of employees at Filton. The dispute followed more than 400 warnings.

Over Viet polls

MILLION armed men will today vote in South Vietnam's Presidential election which General Thieu, unconquered, seeking another four-year term. Home Guards and police will be sent to guard against Vietcong bar and sabotage by Thieu's opponents.

Is mediator to quit

ORIO-TAFALL, the UN Secretary-General's special representative in Cyprus, said yesterday that he would give up his post when his current term expires on December 15. He said that the Greek and Turkish Cypriot leaders had both rejected his peace efforts.

die in crash

A woman and small boy were killed when their van was in collision with a coach near Warcop, West on the A66 Penrith-Scotch Corner. The coach was taking 28 Sunderland Blackpool Illuminations. None was hurt.

George rides again

George V, most famous of the steam express locomotives, hauled a train 145 miles from Hereford to London yesterday. It was the start of a three-day tour, promoted by the British Rail, which could persuade British Rail to regular steam excursions.

Flying Swede

SUNDQVIST, a 30-year-old Swede, drove a 13,000hp jet fighter engine on wheels along a runway at Elvinge, to claim a world jet car record. He drove for the standing kilometre. Sundqvist and his 7,000 car will be British flying kilometre and mile.

Princess in Paris

PRINCESS and Empress Nagako were the luncheon guests of President Pompidou in Paris yesterday at the start of a private sightseeing visit. The visited Paris as Crown Prince 50, but Empress Nagako has never travelled abroad.

He was the days

AN Indian chief William Red Fox, whose autobiography, The Memoirs of Red Fox, is a best-seller, ran into trouble when applying for a passport this week. He said that his name was burned in a fire in about 1904. The chief, who plans to visit London, didn't have to have a passport last time he went to Europe. Buffalo Bill and me went to the boat. That was in 1904.



Where the Vanguard crashed at 11.20. BEA Vanguard: a Mayday call "I am falling" came five minutes before yesterday's crash

63 die in BEA crash

Vanguard explodes: 'Wings fell off' report

ALL 55 passengers and eight crew, most of them British, were killed when a BEA Vanguard flying from London to Salzburg, Austria, crashed yesterday in a field at Aarsele, a hamlet near the north-west Belgian town of Tiel. Some police reports said the Vanguard exploded in mid-air, lost a wing and plunged to earth. According to other reports, the aircraft quickly swarmed all over started pillaging wallets and personal belongings which spread all over.

The Vanguard was acquired by BEA from Vickers in 1961. It crashed yesterday in a field at Aarsele, a hamlet near the north-west Belgian town of Tiel. Some police reports said the Vanguard exploded in mid-air, lost a wing and plunged to earth. According to other reports, the aircraft quickly swarmed all over started pillaging wallets and personal belongings which spread all over.

ALAN BRIEN takes over today as TV critic

JILLY COOPER on lunching with David Niven

MAURICE WIGGIN IAN NAIRN

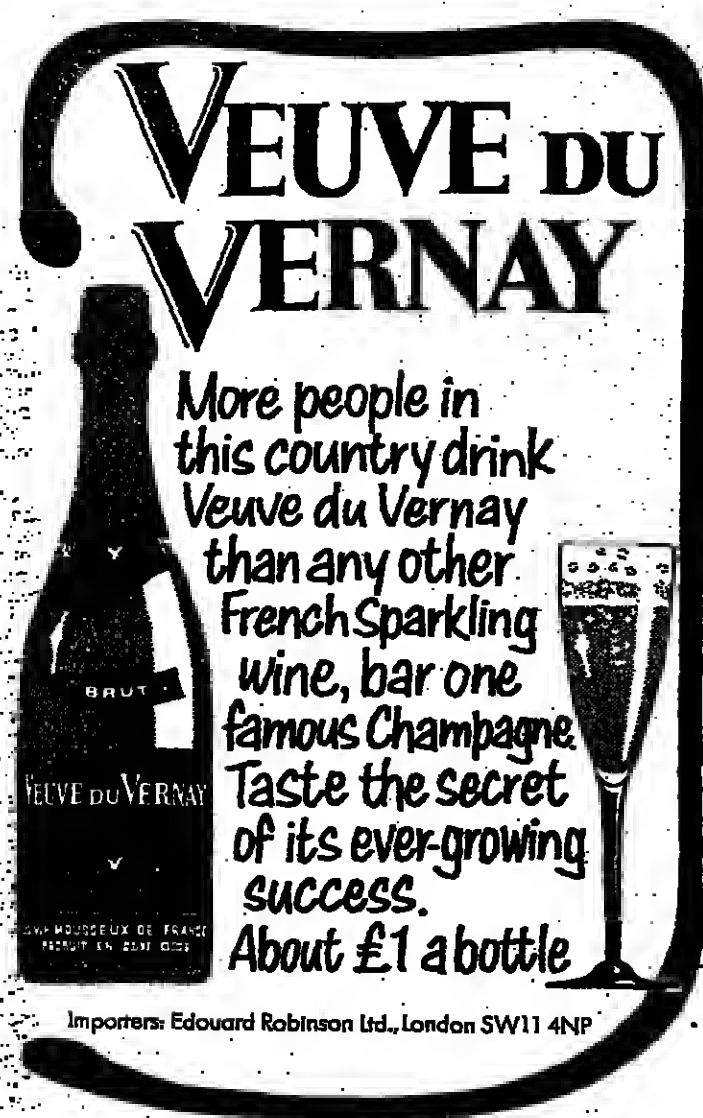
Two columnists begin a double-bill page (19) looking weekly at

THIS BRITAIN

Why Mariella is concerned about her address

ATTICUS moves to p32

BAPPART



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More people in this country drink Veuve du Vernay than any other French Sparkling wine, bar one famous Champagne. Taste the secret of its ever-growing success. About £1 a bottle

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THE FESTIVAL of Light, which is rather more of a political movement than its evangelist fervour suggests, is planning to follow last Saturday's mass demonstration in Trafalgar Square with a concerted campaign to persuade individual MPs to support the Festival's own Solution to Moral Pollution—basically, legislation to impose greater control on the media. The inspiration of this new battle, as of the entire Festival, comes from a slightly built and friendly 27-year-old Baptist revivalist named Peter Hill.

Up until last November, Hill and his wife, Janet, were missionaries in India. When he came back, he expected to stay in Britain for only a short time, but he then felt that God expected more of him. He prayed, and on the third day, he says, a vision appeared before him in which tens of thousands of people were marching in central London as a witness for Jesus Christ and love and truth and family life.

When God had confirmed to Peter three times that his vision was genuine, he set off to his old home town of Eastbourne to see Eric Hutchings, an evangelist who has a programme called The Hour of Revival on Radio Monte Carlo.

Hutchings began plugging Peter on his programme and in his newsletter, which has a circulation of 10,000 in this country. More valuable still, he passed him on to the Rev. Eddie Stride, rector of Spitalfields, ex-trade unionist, religious columnist and co-demonstrator with Lady Birdwood at the West End play Council of Love. "Peter obviously had real vision. But I told him that this had got to be political. It had got to be in Trafalgar Square because that's where political things happen," Stride says.

Stride sent him up to Birmingham to see Mary Whitehouse and she dispatched him back down to Sussex to see Malcolm Muggeridge, who directed him along the road to his neighbour, Lord Longford. They all encouraged him and on February 17 Hill and Stride met for a working lunch with Gordon Landreth, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance and others in the Alliance's Council Room in Sloane Square. They brought their own sandwiches and they began to plan the campaign to fight, as Stride puts it, "the money-makers and politicians who use pornography for their own ends."

That's how it all began and its beginning has been startlingly successful—largely, says Stride, because they are expressing very real anxieties in the country. But perhaps at least as important is the way they have deployed themselves. The movement is run from a middle-class house across the road from South Woodford Underground station, which belongs to Steve Stevens, who used to be Home Director of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship, a Christian organisation with 80 aircraft over the world.

From a bare, lavender-walled front room he and Hill send out extremely well prepared directives to the 140 provincial organisations they claim. One circular, dated September 30, instructed local organisers to get all their members to contact the BBC and praise a talk by Trevor Huddleston.

Many of the Festival's grass roots are in the middle-class Evangelical belt of Britain's provincial cities. Nevertheless, the organisers know that it is in London where decisions are made. That's why political emphasis has been put on the selection of the figureshead. Prominent and zealous among their supporters is, of course, Lord Longford. Although he is not on their Council, he probably "fixes" more things for them behind the scenes than anyone else.

But Stride and his colleagues were too canny to elect automatically all dedicated anti-porn campaigners to their Council of Reference. Lady Birdwood was out, "because she is too identified with Right-wing Tory views." Eddie Stride says he has never voted Tory in his life and "we are not party political; we want people of goodwill, whatever their politics."

At the beginning, there was also a move among the organisers to keep out Mrs Whitehouse for fear that she would "spoil" them. But it was felt that this was un-Christian in view of her long record of service to the cause; she was allowed in. Also backing them are Sir Cyril Black, Dora Bryan, David Kossof, Lord

Mr Hill has a vision of cleaning up Britain

By William Shawcross

Beewick, Malcolm Muggeridge, who dreamed up the title Festival of Light, and sixteen other lesser known notables.

Peter Hill's faith is intense: "My first decision for Christ was at the age of 10, but I only committed myself at the age of 18 when I asked Christ to take full control of my life." Before that, he worked in the clothes section of a department store in Eastbourne; he still dresses very neatly. After Eastbourne he went to work in Italy and India for Operation Mobilisation, which he describes as "a militant inter-denominational youth group."

Operation Mobilisation is, in fact, an evangelical organisation which claims members in 32 countries, which has just bought a 200-foot ship, new sailing from Singapore to India, and which, among other things, sends agents into Communist countries to distribute religious and educational literature—and dollars. One of its members, a Brother Andrew, has just published a book called God Smuggler. According to Hill, they never appeal for money—they believe in prayer. "God answers prayer."

"My work in Italy was mostly evangelistic," says Hill. "Italy is a religious country, but they don't know Christ in a personal way. We told them the good news about Jesus Christ and encouraged them to read the scriptures in Italian. In the early Sixties many Italians thought they were not even allowed to read them."

"In India I was doing mainly educational and Christian work. Not teaching, but selling Christ into Communist countries to distribute religious and educational literature—and dollars. One of its members, a Brother Andrew, has just published a book called God Smuggler. According to Hill, they never appeal for money—they believe in prayer. "God answers prayer."

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is probably from the evangelist belt and all of it, says Hill, is in voluntary contributions from individuals. Only two cheques have been for as much as £200, the rest, he says, have been nearer £10, and anyway it's all now been spent on last week's celebrations. But there's no reason to expect that the sources have dried up yet. After all, the "opposition" still drives:

When Peter Hill and his colleagues speak of the "Opposition," they tend to mean the Underground Press rather than the dirty booksellers of Soho. This is apparently because they feel that the press and its fellows are doing damage, both to children and to family life. Paradoxically, however, some of their attitudes sound almost identical to those of their opponents. Sex is for loving and caring, says Eddie Stride. "It's not for buying and selling. We want to

raise the dignity of sexuality. It is a fulfilment and a communication as much as an intense physical pleasure. That's why it is so marvellous."

Last week's rally was only the beginning of an attempt to whip up public revolt against pornography. In Trafalgar Square, Peter Thompson, the Festival's PR man, advised everyone to make his MP "press for amendments to Margaret Thatcher's policy of allowing sex films in schools which ignore parents' wishes; ask him to press for Government control in broadcasting under the obscenity laws; ask him to press for a Broadcasting Council and Film Council not appointed by the Film Industry but by competent members of the public."

Get your local councils to ban films like 'The Devils'. Sex is for loving and caring, says Eddie Stride. "It's not for buying and selling. We want to

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Festival's main target moment is Stephen Thompson launches a new film censor. set up a consultative committee of prominent lawyers and MPs to decide on new legislation should

Lord Longford believes Festival is the start of century-type religious, which could lead to a improvement in the country's behaviour. "The big bit he said last week, 'is form all this enthusiasm on our part beginning already. The been getting the big Festival of Light last And now the papers are our way. The opinion is leaping on the bandwagon lucky to be in with thing's going to get big

The BBC is to co "informal inquiry" handling in last Sunday World This Weekend of the Festival of Light London demonstration, complaints to Lord Hill General of the BBC. It stood that the BBC "flooded" with letters and letters of complaint Sunday's broadcast, general, was opposed Festival.

Where Vanguards still f

Sunday Times Reporters

VANGUARD airlines, like the one that crashed yesterday are still used extensively on BEA routes within the United Kingdom. On most Continental routes, BEA has forced Vanguards to use BAC 1-11 jets. Surplus Vanguards have been converted into "Merchantmen," the cargo-carrying backbone of BEA's scheduled cargo services in the UK.

These conversions—enabling the aircraft to carry up to 20 tons of cargo instead of 130-plus passengers—were expensive. There were also complaints from aircrew, who alleged that the planes were "unsafe," since it was difficult to get from the flight deck to the cargo hold in event of fire or if cargo shifted.

Vanguards as well as various jet airliners are used on the following BEA flights: London-Belfast, seven Vanguards daily; London-Edinburgh, seven daily; London-Glasgow, six daily; London-Manchester, two daily; London-Shannon, one daily; London-Gibraltar, seven weekly; London-Malta, five weekly; London-Saltburg, two weekly; London-Madrid, one weekly.

BEA is the only national airline still using Vanguards. It is noticeable that outside the British Isles it uses them to any extent only on competition-free British routes—to Gibraltar and Malta.

The Vanguard, developed by Vickers after the Viscount, was its maiden flight in January 1959. It is powered by four Tyne turbo-prop engines, has a 118ft wingspan, and is capable of up to 425 miles per hour. It went into regular service with BEA in December, 1960.

The only previous

guard crash occurred row Airport in 1965. in heavy fog crashed attempts at landing and were killed. There question of mechanical

Vanguard's predecessor Viscount, has had problems. In 1961 a found in wing spars early models.

In September, 19 models from the Viscount banned from flying after a crash in which were killed. The serious fatigue failure board wing.

In August, 1968, a B Viscount 700 airline near Munich, killing an electrical failure a power supply was bla tries.

EEC 'will i fewer on d

Fears that British the Common Market mean further unemploy cause of the increase tion industry would rejected yesterday by Smith, MP, Parliament Secretary, Department ment, "I am confident finish up with more opportunities than we he said.

Mr Smith also dis gestions of an "inv works from other Euro tries.

Hospital studies inquest report

A hospital group secretary is to study the full report of an inquest on a 68-year-old man who died four days after being sent home from Southlands Hospital, Shoreham with eight broken ribs.

The man, Mr John Skinner, of Fishergate, Portlady, Sussex, was injured in a car crash. He died of pneumonia. The hospital secretary, Mr James Cheeseman, will decide whether to hold an inquiry.

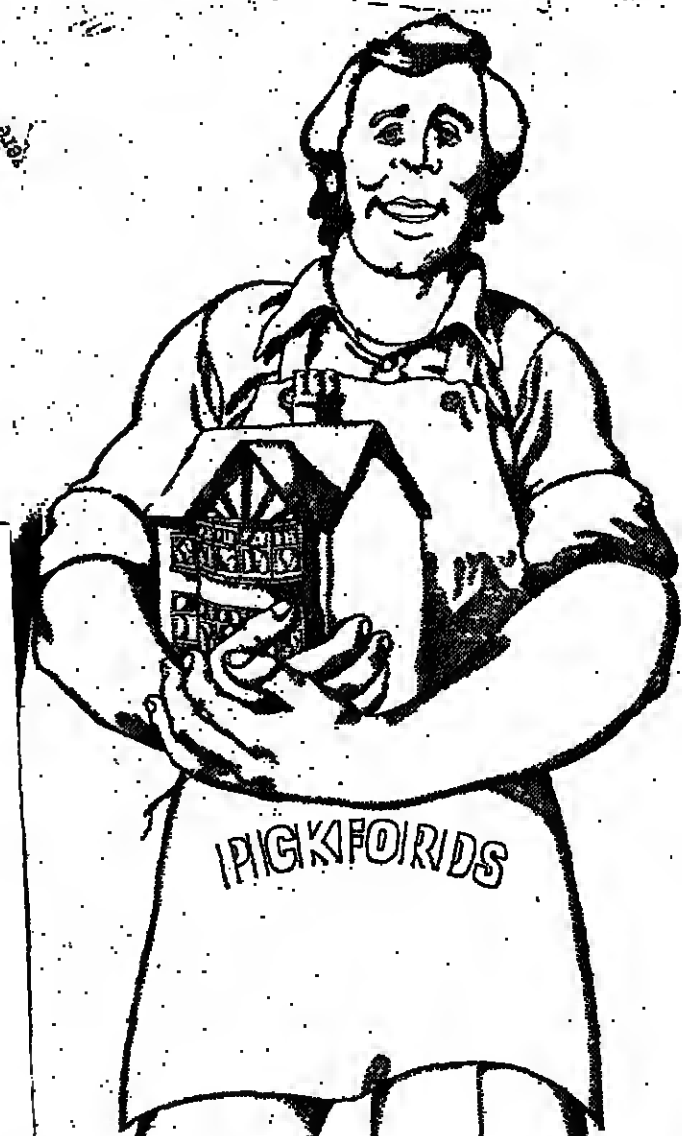
PCs in river

Two policemen spent nearly half an hour in the River Mersey at Liverpool yesterday after diving in to save a man who had fallen from a pier. A customs boat rescued all three.

Parade cancelled

The Cambodian government yesterday announced that next week's big parade to celebrate the First Anniversary of the founding of the Republic has been cancelled. The move follows a wave of terrorist bombings in Phnom Penh, the capital.

—Reuter



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on ares ack Court

Stephen Fay
Washington

of Richard H. Poff
n heard outside the
gma. He is a member
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r with a record of un-
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signation of Justice
n. The vacancies give
Richard Nixon a rare
to mould the court in
olitical image. Nixon
appointed two mem-
-man court. With-
out it, he will have
number of Nixon
four. Few Presidents
the chance to name
four; but Nixon may
of another of the
members, a 65-year-old
Douglas, depends on
efficiency of an artifi-
-ker in his heart and
receives from his 28-
-year-old.

las retires. Nixon
-udges will be a major
-court, which has in
-to judges appointed by
-publican, Eisenhower.
-while House aides are
-working enthusiastically
-Nixon court, and since
-for life, would be
-a long time.

the hush of Nixon's
-ers of the legal and
-offessions. A Harvard
-sor, Alan Dershowitz,
-the vacancies create a
-f "potential danger to
-on why Dershowitz and
-al-unded lawmen are
-clear that all this
-will be like the first
-he made. Warren
-nd Harry Blackmun
-ical term for them is
-institutional construc-
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-es.

strict constructionists
-role that the Supreme
-eupied during the reign
-Justice Earl Warren who
-1969. Under his in-
-court made a series of
-gments, starting with
-in 1953 which effec-
-le racial segregation in
-gal. This was followed
-of judgments which
-reaffirmed the rights
-als confronted by the
-state.

arren court was inter-
-it believed was the
-pirit of the Constitu-
-Bill of Rights. Men
-er and Blackmun
-n contrast, that their
-ake a "strict construc-
-that the law says, what
-uman effect may be.
-es are at stake. There
-age in Chief Justice
-dissenting judgment in
-deciding the right of
-York Times to publish
-on papers last summer
-ines the attitude of the
-pointees. Most com-
-sidered that the
-olved were great ones
-of the Press to publish
-damned against the
-he Government to pre-
-lication of material
-barred it.

Justice Burger, in objec-
-e court's affirmation of
-to publish, took a some-
-ted view. "To me it is
-leivable," he wrote, "that
-or long regarded as a
-tution in American life
-to perform one of the
-simple duties of every
-th respect to the dis-
-sion possession of stolen
-or secret Government
-s. That duty, I had
-perhaps naively, was to
-rthwith to responsible
-ers. This duty rests on
-rs, justices and the New
-es."

hardly the stuff of which
-gments are made. But
-tors like professor Der-
-re also concerned with
-ndamental question. The
-stitution function of the
-Court is to balance the
-power of the Presidency
-ongress. So if the presi-
-nts men who strictly
-his own views, the
-of the court is in danger
-mes of John Mitchell,
-Attorney-General, and
-Roger the east-going
-of State, have been
-d as possible candidates
-second vacancy, but it
-her more likely that the
-be an unknown judge
-er and Blackmun.

es of significant cases
-law and order will come
-gment when the new
-appointed. They con-
-ce relations, capital
-nt and personal privacy.
-sions that emerge will
-in heavily influenced by
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s able to make just one
-ointment, that influence
-multiplied almost infi-
-majority of the court
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-ity.

dies on swing
-teen-year-old boy found
-the neck from a rail-
-al in Glasgow yesterday
-ed while playing
-identally while playing
-makeshift rope swing.
-ave ruled out foul play.

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OCTOBER 2ND, 1971
Lady Fernoy has suc-
-Mrs Patrick Campbell-
-Lady-in-Waiting to
-Elizabeth The Queen



Bushy-tailed and probably bright-eyed too: three Bunnies from the London Playclub Club get together for a pre-match tactics talk before a charity soccer game yesterday in Dulwich

Sponsored horse ban at Olympics

By Muriel Bowen

HORSES bearing the name of commercial products will not be allowed to jump for Britain at next year's Olympic Games in Munich. The ban will soon be announced by the International Olympic Committee. And there will be no way around the ban, by saddling a horse with a new, non-commercial name only for the period of the Games. Few companies would, in any case, want to continue the expensive practice of sponsoring a horse which did not advertise its wares.

The Olympic committee's decision will affect many horses named after drinks, cosmetics and motor companies... horses such as British high jump champion Sporting Ford owned by the Ford Motor Company. Mr Avery Brundage, president of the IOC told me: "I don't care whether a horse is named after beer or champagne. He's not getting into the Olympic Stadium in future. Prince Philip (president of the International Equestrian Federation which controls international riding events) has been in touch with me about it. The federation are very concerned about this sort of thing."

"Prince Philip and everybody else can rest assured that at our meeting in Japan next February we will be taking action to stop

this sort of advertising and that the new rules will be in force by the time the Munich Games begin."

The no-advertising move will come as a big blow to British riders now in London for the climax of the show jumping season—the Horse of the Year Show. Show jumping costs have soared in recent years and many top riders find that they are having to look to sponsored horses if they want to stay in the saddle. In theory the rider, not the horse, wins the Olympic medal but with little to choose between the world's top eight riders the horse can make all the difference.

Before the Mexican Olympics in 1968, horses with Olympic potential were selling at between £20,000 and £25,000. Today similar horses are fetching £40,000 to £50,000. The German grey Askani, was bought for £58,000 in July as an Olympic prospect by a German industrialist. The man whom he employs as a car park attendant rides him at international events.

The French champagne firm Moët and Chandon paid £30,000 last winter for the chestnut gelding now bearing the firm's name as an Olympic mount for Jonqueres

d'Orléans, winner of two Olympic golds and now trying to make it a hat trick at Munich.

Last winter another gold medalist, Hans Winkler, the German team captain, saw a big brown thoroughbred called Terminas as his best hope for a third gold. The horse has since been bought for £40,000 by a German drinks firm and named Jaegermeister after their aperitif.

This is the kind of money few riders can afford to pay for a horse. So they have to rely on rich patrons if they are to win Olympic medals.

If a rider chances on a good young horse which is valued at more than £5,000 to £10,000 he knows that unless the horse is a big money winner, he must cover his outlay. As things stand now this means selling to a company if the horse is to stay in Britain, and be available to British teams.

Tens of thousands of pounds have been ploughed into show jumping through commercial sponsorship, but it is unlikely that more than a few horses will top winnings of £5,000 each this year. So, getting back the capital cost over the eight or nine years that a show jumper can remain at the top, is impossible with the very expensive horse.

Some airline meals for holidaymakers unfit to eat, says inspector

By Tony Dawe

SOME AIRLINE meals served on holiday flights to and from the Mediterranean are unfit to eat, according to a senior public health inspector. Tests have shown 10 times more bacteria in the food than is acceptable.

The dangers of the unfit food are to be investigated by a special working party of the Association of Public Health Inspectors and demands are already being made for a complete change in methods of storing the food on the plane. The criticisms are directed

against a system introduced in recent years by inclusive tour operators. Cold meals, usually chicken or ham salads, are chilled briefly after being prepared and then put aboard the aircraft in disposable plastic trays, wrapped in polythene. Two trays—one for the holiday maker flying out from Britain and the other for the returning passenger—are stored in the back of each seat and the passenger merely presses a button in the seat-back in front of him to release his food.

Mr Eric Atkinson, chief public health inspector of Dorling and

Harley Rural Council, which covers Gatwick Airport, says the containers are not specially insulated and offer little protection against changing temperatures. "Passengers on the return flight are faced with limp and soggy meals because of the long time since the food was first put on the aircraft. The aircraft can stand around for some time at airports in the Mediterranean, with cabin temperatures going up into the 80s and 90s."

Airlines operating from Gatwick introduced "seat-back" meals for the first time this sum-

mer and Mr Atkinson says this is the first year since the airport has been in use that he has received complaints about the food.

The acceptable level of contamination in meals of this kind is 200,000 organisms per gram, but tests found two million organisms per gram in some meals, and an extreme case of more than three million organisms.

Mr Atkinson has prepared a report for his council and the matter is being raised with the airlines. He suggests that meals for the return flights should be

stored in refrigerated containers and only placed in the seat-backs just before the aircraft takes off from the Mediterranean airport.

British Caledonian Airways is the main user of seat-back meals at Gatwick and the airline maintained yesterday that tests on meals carried out with its agreement have produced good results. But Mr John de la Haye, deputy managing director, did add: "As a result of our own investigations, we have redesigned the plastic container so that a pellet of ice can be slotted in to drop the

temperature at which the meal is stored."

The main advantages of seat-back meals—pioneered by Court Line Aviation who are serving them to all of their 1,250,000 passengers this year—are that they remove the need for galleys, which can then be replaced by extra seats, and that they give the hostesses more time to sell duty-free drink. At a time when tour operators are forcing the airlines to maintain low charter rates, every extra bit of profit is vital.

New cigarettes get medical trial

By Bryan Silcock

A TRIAL to see whether cigarettes containing an artificial tobacco substitute help to reduce the incidence of smoker's cough—an important and early sign of bronchitis—will start soon at London's Hammersmith Hospital. It follows a pioneering experiment in which doctors there have shown that modifying the composition and filters of conventional cigarettes can have this effect.

Whether or not there is any connection between smoker's cough and lung cancer is still uncertain, but it is possible that the irritants that produce the cough also help to produce the cancer.

In the new experiment doctors will compare the effects of the cigarettes containing the tobacco substitute with those of cigarettes made from air-cured tobacco and reconstituted tobacco sheet. Both these give tars which, in animal experiments at any rate, are less potent cancer producers than the tar from the fire-cured tobacco normally used in British cigarettes.

Animal experiments have already shown that cigarettes containing tobacco substitutes are probably less harmful to health than conventional ones, and if they come out of the trial with human volunteers well, it will be a further incentive for manufacturers to put them on the market. Imperial Developments, the company set up by ICI and Imperial Tobacco to develop artificial smoking materials, could start building a plant to produce them right away. However, no such step appears imminent.

"We just don't think we've got an acceptable material yet,"

said a spokesman for Imperial Tobacco. "There's a lot of research still to be done. We're not ready to go into production yet however favourable the climate." However, the tight security blanket which has covered the development of the artificial smoking material so far is beginning to lift. MPs and others have been given, on an informal basis, cigarettes made from the material, blended with ordinary tobacco in varying quantities as there seems to be no other way at the moment of producing an acceptable flavour.

Sir Gerald Nabarro was one of the MPs who received a supply. "I gave up smoking in 1963 in the interest of personal longevity and as a service to my constituents," he said last week. "I haven't smoked since. But I tested these cigarettes. I found them thoroughly unpalatable. Other people I gave them to also thought they tasted horrible."

Sir Gerald's secretary at the House of Commons, Miss Margaret House disagreed. "I've smoked some myself and tried them on my friends," she said, "we were most favourably impressed. Sometimes you can't tell the difference from ordinary cigarettes."

The Sunday Times has also obtained a small supply. Typical comments from nicotine addicts around the office were: "lacks bite," "a bit like smoking air," "very mild but I might get used to it," "a hint of dried seaweed." However nearly everybody thought they could get used to them if they were convinced that their health would benefit.

Labour plan for wives as price spies

THE HOUSEWIFE would be asked to turn "policeman" under a Labour plan for controlling prices disclosed in the party's new economic policy document published today. A Labour Government would publish a list of "fair" retail prices and housewives would be asked to report cases of overcharging.

Complaints would be investigated by a team of watchdogs—like those in Finland—who would publish their findings. The system could even be used temporarily to freeze retail prices.

The price controls, coupled with a voluntary incomes policy, are major features of the 7,000-word document. It also recommends:

- Establishment of a National Labour Board to merge the retraining and job-finding agencies;
- Expansion of public ownership to end disparity in regional employment;
- An "orderly realignment" of sterling exchange rates to boost exports.

The document, to be debated at Brighton by the party conference on Wednesday, has been prepared by Labour's national executive. It will be introduced by Mrs Barbara Castle, Shadow Employment Minister. It calls for direct action on prices which, it says, is the key to a policy of containment of inflation.

The loophole of Labour's earlier prices policies, which allowed companies to increase prices to raise finance, would be closed. The document says this loophole did much to undermine public confidence. "We would, therefore, be prepared if necessary to consider a veto on increases of this kind and to consider the position of capital through the Government taking an equity stake in the company."

Eric Jacobs writes from Brighton: A painfully familiar split in the Labour Party over incomes will re-emerge here this week in spite of the efforts of party leaders to keep controversy out of the issue. Yesterday 51 delegates from Britain's second largest union, the Engineers (AUEW), decided to oppose an economic policy statement prepared by the Party National Executive, unless it was made absolutely clear that the statement's extremely cautious phrases on incomes did not mean that a new Labour government would try to impose any policy of wage control.



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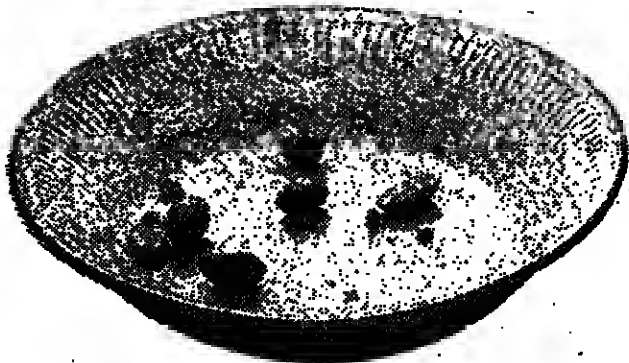
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Lloyds Bank looks after people like you

Nibble the nuts and leave.



Most restaurant owners agree with us when we tell them about KlosterPrinz, that veritable Prince of Piesporters a deliciously crisp, slightly dry Moselle, the most handsome compliment that can be paid to good food. But there are still a few who remain impervious to our coaxing. We've tried convincing them. We really have. Arguments, cajolery, persuasive blandishments. Well, the time for talking is over. Action is called for.

So this is where we need your help. We'd like you to seek out these stubborn establishments, demand to see the wine list before you even look at the menu, summon up your most clear, ringing tones and say "The justifiably renowned KlosterPrinz would seem to be conspicuous by its absence. Himm". Then, while the wine waiter looks on in wild surmise, just nibble the nuts and leave.

Now this may not make you particularly popular. But when the restaurant in question gives up the unequal struggle and adds KlosterPrinz to its wine list, you may look back with satisfaction on a Job Well Done.

And, like Thomas Osbert Mordaunt (1730-1809) once said: "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name".



KlosterPrinz
PRINCE OF PIESPORTERS

Other Princes worth fighting for are: DomPrinz Niersteiner, HockPrinz Liebfraumilch and WeinPrinz Moselle—all personally chosen by Franz Reh.

How farce crept into big purge

By Nicholas Carroll

THE EXOTIC escalations of the great spy spurge have embarrassed the Foreign Office. It was not planned like this. Two things have upset the scenario the Government had imagined. The first was a leak in the first edition of the London Evening News of Friday, September 24. This made the Foreign Office push forward its announcement of a purge—with unpredictable consequences. The second was the unusually adept way the Russian secret service, the KGB, exploited the competitive vigour of Fleet Street by pointing the Daily Express to Oleg Lyalin as the anonymous defector. The result has been to leave a bemused world with the impression that the chance arrest of Oleg, the drunken driver in Tottenham Court Road, has dictated a major British act of international relations, an act moreover whose gravity has been impaired by the ribald debris of drink, girls and high-living which has had so much attention. Whitehall itself must carry some of the blame for the way the personality of Oleg has come to dominate the scene. The Evening News story on the defector has been widely thought to be a deliberate leak to prelude the purge. In fact, the official version is different. It is that a decision on the purge had been taken in principle several months earlier and the preparatory work was nearly finished when the Evening News defector story appeared out of the blue. It may have been leaked from MI5, the agency under the Home Office responsible for counter-espionage; in any event it is denied that it was part of the Foreign Office plan. The Foreign Office news department was certainly put to work on September 24 with frantic hours of typing and duplication a great mass of documentation in time for the 4.30 pm official announcement. The defector was mentioned in that documentation—anonously, and only as one of the contributory influences on the Government's purge. But the mere mention provided Fleet Street with an irresistible challenge and the Russians with an opportunity to use that challenge. Within five days a junior diplomat at the Soviet Embassy, fresh from Moscow, Mr Vladimir Pavlov, was giving the Daily Express a remarkable scoop, a hint of the defector's identity as his as the resulting headlines. Those who have reported on Communist affairs for the past two decades know very well that Soviet diplomats do not dish out tidbits of that kind without express orders from higher authority. Why did the Russians do it? First, to create the impression that the defector at the centre of

the British move was a pretty poor prize for British intelligence, a vodka-swilling Lothario of minor importance; and second, to foster the notion that the British Government, by expelling the unprecedented total of 105 diplomats and officials at stroke, had reacted hysterically to the exaggerated revelations of an unimpressive figure. Of course the idea that any one operational agent can accurately identify more than 100 fellow spies is absurd: spy systems are universally arranged in small closed "cells" so that a betrayal in one does not lead to exposure for everyone in all the other cells. But throughout last week, to the despair of the Foreign Office, Oleg was being credited with having been responsible for identifying all the 105 in the Foreign Office list. The roots of the purge go back far beyond the incident of drunken Oleg in Tottenham Court Road. Since the end of World War II, successive British governments have worried about the increasing size of the Soviet diplomatic and trading set-up. Britain's Nato allies have always been a good deal firmer, insisting on a reasonable parity of representation. Even Japan, a defeated power, has taken a tougher line with Moscow; for every Russian diplomat, official or journalist allowed to reside in Japan, the Japanese have insisted on a Japanese living in Russia. In Labour's time, Mr Wilson and his Labour colleagues—particularly Patrick Gordon Walker, Michael Stewart and George Brown, the Foreign Secretaries at different times, and Denis Healey, the previous Defence Minister—were well aware that the Soviet build-up had reached ludicrous proportions. But the Labour Ministers were anxious to improve relations with Russia and work for East-West détente; they protested but ultimately preferred to put up with the number for the sake of foreign policy. Edward Heath and his Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, confronted by 550 Soviet diplomats and assorted officials, decided on a drastic line. Once it became clear that the Russians were not going to yield, they had only one anxiety: to get the timing right. The Foreign Secretary, in particular, felt he could not honestly embark on the next stage of East-West détente, heading as it was towards a European security conference, while scores of Russians were undermining British security. It became clear that autumn 1971 was the only time the Government could act. The Government did not want to risk throwing a spanner in the works during the difficult four-power talks on the first stage of a Berlin settlement. They decided to wait until that negotiation was finished. But the next stage was the talks leading to mutual force reductions in Europe, and then, next year, a European security conference. So it was autumn, and preferably just before the Conservative Party conference, for obvious reasons. In to this careful scheme at the beginning of last month walked Oleg Lyalin and his girl friend from the Soviet trade mission. The accident—and such it was—of his being caught drunk in charge of a car, and without the benefit of diplomatic immunity, may have been the decisive factor in his decision to go over. He did bring documents confirming that there were contingent plans for sabotage—but according to a top man in Whitehall, what he really did was to "cross the I's and dot the t's" of what was already known. He is best regarded as a junior executive, not the fantastically important super-spy of the hillboards. According to one of the London daily papers last week, he defected with the entire dossier on Russia's spy system tucked in his brief case, which must have given even the KGB a smile. The truth is that long before Lyalin appeared in any Whitehall office, the Government had enough information to justify a clean sweep. What Lyalin brought with him was essentially "confirmatory rather than informative documentation." He certainly gave no complete list of the KGB's spies in Britain. The merits of a clean sweep of Soviet spies against a policy of piecemeal expulsion in ones and twos or even bunches of five at a time, has been much

NATIONAL ESPIONAGE WEEK

It has been an hilarious week, littered with super-spies, blondes, an incognito scientist, an over-filmed oak tree and unmaskings all round, culminating with the revelation by Kim Philby in Moscow that The Sunday Times itself employed agents of the British secret service. Here two Sunday Times staffers—neither of whom has broken under intensive grilling—attempt to put a perspective on National Espionage Week.



Picture scoop, Friday

discussed by Ministers and officials. The Government decided to reject the latter course, following Mr Gromyko's lack of response to a series of spoken and written appeals by Sir Alec. In the game of tit-for-tat that has hitherto been played, the Russians clearly had the advantage. It was calculated that if all of Britain's 38 diplomats in Moscow were ordered to leave in response to the expulsion of that number of Russians from Britain, the Soviet Embassy would still have more than half of its original complement of diplomats carrying on in London, of to mention in veritable army of trade and other officials. To suggestions that the mass expulsion of spies will set back the negotiating process, the Government retorts that if Russia is as keen to reach agreements with the West as she says she is, she will not let the episode interfere. If she is not sincere in wanting genuine détente, then she will do as Mr Khrushchev did at the time of the U2 spy-plane crisis—use it as a reason for discontinuing negotiations. The scale of the British action has clearly disconcerted Moscow. It is generally assumed in London that some expulsions of British diplomats are inevitable, but anything short of a totally crippling number of expelled British diplomats could hardly be an adequate reprisal. Yet it is doubtful whether the Kremlin would want to see diplomatic relations virtually brought to a halt for lack of British diplomats in Moscow to carry them on. It is a problem of appropriate response that would have baffled even W. S. Gilbert's Mikado.

involved in purchasing. But if he did work with industrial it was not in areas it affected Western security. Indeed, if surface reconnaissance, it is doubtful whether it was a great shakes espionage he did do. Binning of this year he hitting of the symphony rather, rootless young was too much beguile "glamour" of the W. entertaining became me. his liquor intake went u was having woman trou. In particular, the clo his friendship with his married woman, was problems. Then, in Aug his arrest for drunker while returning from a Soho. With no diplomati nity Lyalin was obliged in court on August 31 manded, on £50 bail. That was it. Lyalin, have been under any that once the court through, he would fac rapidly redeployed, back to Moscow. Be a fact with the British services shortly after appearance in Ma Street Court. The services undoubtedly "a price" for his Teplyakova's asylum. Reference to that "p made in the fourth par the famous expulsion e by the Foreign Office tember 24: "Further ev the scale and nature. espionage in Britain (v ived by a Soviet off recently applied for to remain in this counn The bare implication paragraph was that the (unnamed) had not tol much that it did n already. But the bare implicat not deter Fleet Street atwitch with the secret hunt. The Daily Expre credit, scooped us all b his name last Wednesd a Russian Embassy off must have been tickled the idea of revealing mythological "Super S an expert on women's But having found t Express continued to with a persona that the not warrant. Yesterday he was featured as the of at least 105 of his fel spies." For the unfortunate (was trying to buy h crafty, and anonymous, freedom it must all se dismal. Whether the pressed or not, Oleg I, already incurred the toughest penalty for driving.

Fleet Street's favourite spy

By Lewis Chester

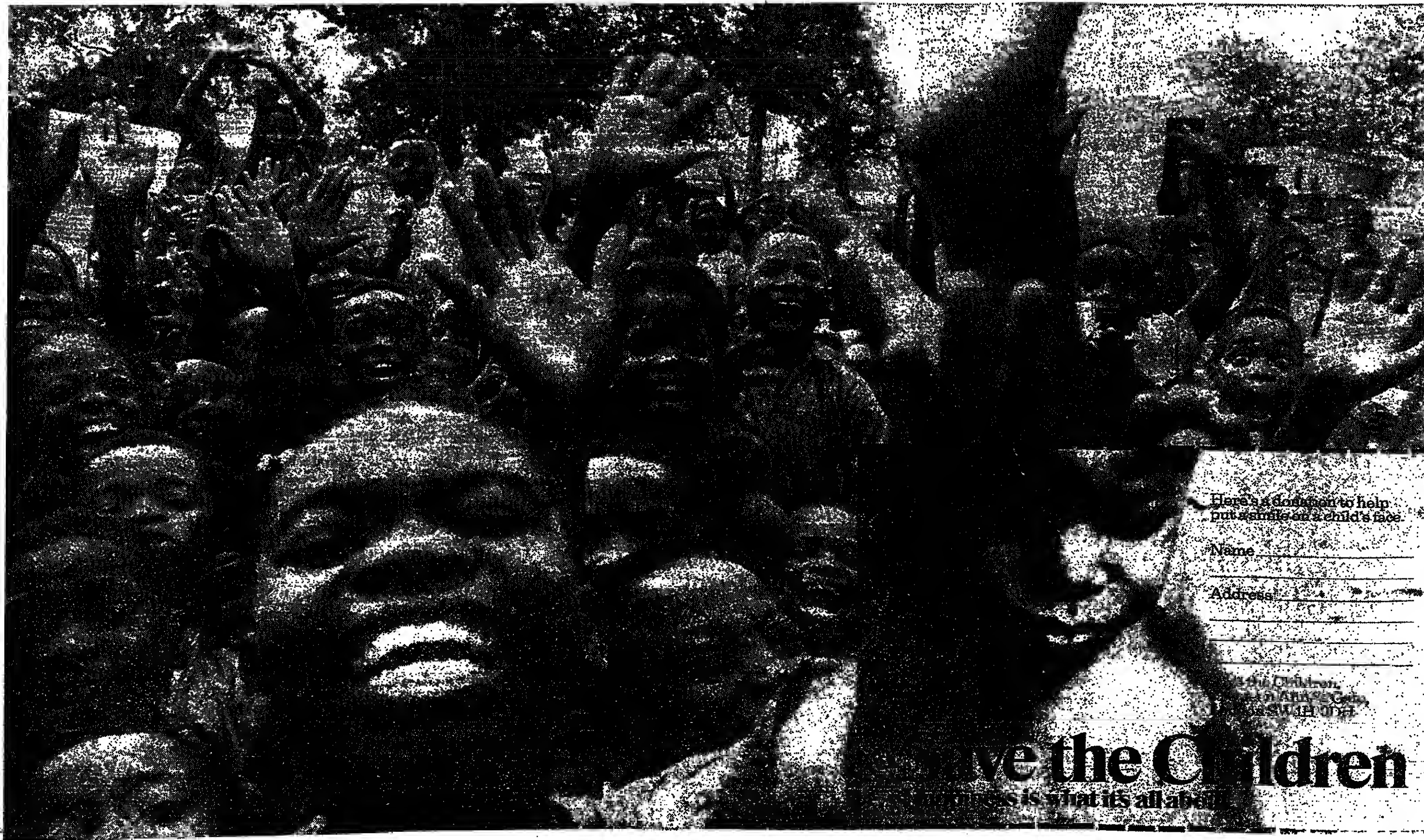
IT IS HARDLY Oleg Lyalin's fault that he turns out to be history's most disappointing "Super Spy". After all, he did not ask for the astonishing build-up that preceded his curious identification. "A full general in the KGB". "The most senior KGB defector in 10 years". "One of the dozen top KGB men in Europe" were just a few of laurels heaped on him by the Press. Then, after a billing that would do credit to a Petrov or a Penkovsky, he turns out to be a nice-looking young man with a weak mouth. Down in his "safe house" in Surrey (with, it is believed, his co-defector and former secretary, Mrs Irina Teplyakova) Comrade Oleg must be getting some illuminating insights into the communications business. The outlines of Oleg Lyalin's personal Odyssey through the British Isles is now fairly clear. He came just over two years ago at a time when there were high hopes of expanding trade and technological contacts with the Soviet Union. Mr Wedgwood Benn, then Minister of Technology, had signed an Industrial Co-operation Agreement with the Russians not long before. Lyalin was just 32, a married man with a young son of whom he was very fond. His family stayed behind in Russia. Lyalin was rapidly absorbed into the fast-expanding staff of the Soviet Trade Delegation in Highgate. Shortly after his arrival he was inserted into the trade contacts list of the Russo-British Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber, which was set up before the Revolution, lubricates commercial transactions between the 600 British firms interested in the Soviet market and Soviet trade organisations in this country. It carefully categorises Soviet trade officials with knowledge of specialised markets; under the category "Matches, toys clothes and other consumer items" Oleg Lyalin was one of three Russian names. Whatever his espionage experience, it is clear that Lyalin spent the bulk of his working time assisting Anglo-Soviet trade in these anodyne commodities. He was essentially a go-between. He helped put through a £50,000 deal in women's lingerie. He assisted in putting on a Russian fashion show. Inevitably, his line of work put him in closest contact with Razno, a subsidiary of Raznoexport Moscow, with offices in Regent Street, London. Razno claims to have done close on £7 million of business with British exporters over the past two years, mostly in clothing and shoes. Like many Russian trade officials, Lyalin seemed sometimes, to British business contacts, to take an over-zealous interest in the way goods he was

Ever wondered what happened to those poor Nigerian kids of last year?

After the Nigerian war was over, when the newspapermen had all gone home, a few people stayed on. Among them Save the Children people. We fed the kids, cured them, clothed,

educated and sometimes just cuddled them. And we've been training local people to take over from us. It's been a long, hard but rewarding year. It's been the sort of year we've spent in

hundreds of trouble spots all over the world. The result you can see from the faces of the kids in the photograph. It's called happiness. And that's what we think it's all about.



Here's a donation to help put a smile on a child's face.

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Save the Children
It's what it's all about.

مركز من الامم

reel
a sp
s Chester
the laughing
an with
hole in
is chest

er acupuncture anaesthesia Mr
Hui chats and sips tea through
hours of lung surgery—then
a Press conference

Maxwell from Peking

the little group of
and staff who greeted
o a Peking hospital last
h the customary smiling
clapping was Mr Han
to Mr Han was a sturdy,
emiled gentleman in his
Only his pyjamas
his as a patient.

ours later, still smiling,
clapping to us again, by
us the tubercular upper
part of his left lung. In the
erence he had lost neither
in the loss nor clarity of mind
imply. In fact, while we
se into—or with horror
away from—the gaping
his chest, he had been
ing words of good cheer
surgons and operating
even taking occasional
ea.

demonstration of major
under local anaesthetic
extraordinary. The fact
anaesthetic agent was
ch needle of steel wire
into the patient's right
just above the wrist
astounding.

operation was performed
complete informality. The
was turned into a sort of
than arena stage, the audi-
eas gownned and masked
ngled freely with the
i the drama, standing on
o peep or photograph
surgon's shoulder or re-
to the gallery above for
der view. Mr Han was
ed, his case described
n he took off his pyjama
and climbed onto the
table.

as given an injection des-
as a morphine sedative.
kill the pain but to keep
ent calm. His right arm
apped up and across his
ers and the acupuncture
was inserted into his
he next 90 minutes until

the lobectomy was concluded, that
needle was the sole anaesthetic.
Except for a brief period when
the surgeon was working deep
inside the chest cavity and when,
we were told, the need for
anaesthesia was less, the needle
was constantly agitated by the
anaesthetist. The effect is a
gradual but total numbing of the
entire chest area and takes about
20 minutes from the needle's
insertion.

Surgeons are now so confident
about the effects of acupunctural
anaesthesia that they begin by
the clock, without testing to check
whether the operational area is
numbed.

The patient was cut off from
sight of what was going on in
his chest by a curtain erected
just under his chin. Above that
his face was restful, often smiling
as he spoke to or answered the
operating staff. Perhaps he grew
a little paler as the operation
progressed and sometimes he
closed his eyes for a few
moments, or on instruction from
the surgeon opened his mouth to
breathe deeply. But of pain or
concern there was never even
the shadow of a sign.

The effect on the onlooker was
startling. On one side of the little
blue curtain was Mr Han's re-
laxed and smiling face; on the
other was the blue-shrouded
torso, cut by swift scalpels and
gaped with steel braces, as the
hands of the surgeon and his co-
leagues went to work. There
seemed no connection between
the two scenes—as if it were a
stage trick like the boxed woman
sawn in two.

But here were no mirrors or
fakery but reality which was
more striking because of its
matter-of-fact accessibility. The
onlooker could exchange words
with the patient and, short of
nudging the surgeons, could stand
as near as he liked. After the
operation was completed, the
wound was closed, the needle re-
moved and Mr Han was given a
helping hand to sit up. Then the
patient's arm was massaged and
he was helped into his pyjama
coat, again with no sign of even
a wince.



Different patient, different operation but the anaesthetic and the patient's smile are the same: acupuncture. For a stomach operation in Peking

And then, in a full and steady
voice, he gave a Press conference.
What had he thought of while the
operation was in progress? "I
concentrated on doing what the
surgeon told me to do." More
generally, he looked forward to
getting back to his work in an
electrical equipment factory and
thanked us for our concern with
a friendly hand-clasp.

ACUPUNCTURE as a form of
medical treatment has been used
by the Chinese for several thou-
sand years. The theory is that
illness results from imbalance
between opposing forces in the
body called Yin and Yang. By
inserting needles into particular
spots in the body and leaving
them in for a short time, the
excess of one of these forces can
be released, restoring the balance
to normal.

There are 365 of these spots in
the body, each related to a par-
ticular organ or part of it. Several
spots are usually treated at one
time. Sterile needles are inserted
into the skin, between one to five
inches deep. They may be with-
drawn after a few minutes, or
left in position for several days.

Acupuncture was first used in
Europe in the early 1900s by
Louis Berlioz, father of Hector
Berlioz the composer.

In the first Chinese Republic,
the Government tried to replace
acupuncture by westernised
medicine, but the move was re-
versed by Mao Tse-tung in 1949.
Today all Chinese doctors must
train in this form of traditional
medicine, although both types of
medicine are practised.

Despite initial scepticism,
several western doctors visiting
China have been impressed by

acupuncture. Mr J. S. Horn, a
surgeon who has worked in China,
has described how a case of
asthma was cured by acupuncture
much more effectively than it
would have been by traditional
western methods.

The Chinese have been using
acupuncture for anaesthesia
since 1958, at first experimentally
but now regularly and exten-
sively. The hospital we visited
has performed nearly 1,000 lobec-
tomies such as we saw. At the
same time, and as accessible to
our inspection, there were an
appendectomy, the removal of a
large thyroid tumour and of an
ovarian cyst and several teeth
extractions.

We were told that almost all
kinds of operation are now per-
formed under acupunctural
anaesthesia, the exceptions being
those where external circulation

of blood is required as in heart
surgery, some major operations
for cancer and some plastic sur-
gery, though even these opera-
tions have been carried out suc-
cessfully under acupuncture in
other hospitals. Foreigners in
Peking have seen major brain
surgery completed with anaes-
thesia by acupuncture, with the
patient again conscious through-
out.

Patients are given their choice
of anaesthetic, but the propor-
tion of those opting for acupunc-
ture is growing as word of its
lessened after-effects spreads.
The operation is preceded by
meetings between patient and
surgical team in which all aspects
—ideological as well as physio-
logical—are discussed. Develop-
ment of acupunctural techniques
continues: until about a year ago
lung surgery such as Mr Han's

was accompanied by the inser-
tion of 40 needles.

Chinese surgeons report that
the advantages of acupuncture in-
clude much reduced bleeding;
less and sometimes no after
pain; and the fact that the
patient can co-operate with
the surgeon. Doctors and
surgeons from the West have
watched operations in Peking and
in other Chinese cities, and
analysis of the implications for
medical science of acupunctural
anaesthesia must be left to them.
The laymen can only conclude
that the technique indicates the
existence of some previously un-
known system of nerve con-
nections in the body—for the
acupuncture points have no ap-
parent connection with the areas
they numb—and hope that if
he ever has major surgery it
will be as painless as Mr Han's.

When nurse isn't sure of her Latin

By a Medical Correspondent

TESTS carried out by a doctor
among a group of hospital nurses
showed that they consistently
understood only two out of 10
Latin abbreviations used in pre-
scribing medicine they might
have to administer. An article in
The Lancet describes the findings
as "disturbing."

The tests were carried out in a
large mental deficiency hospital
by Dr Geoffrey Robb, currently
working at the Sheffield Royal
Infirmary. He asked 61 nurses
and sisters to fill in a multiple
choice questionnaire. This listed
10 commonly used Latin abbre-
viations, and the nurses were
asked to tick one out of four
possible meanings for each. The
average score was five out of 10
for the nurses, and seven for the
sisters and staff nurses. Only
one abbreviation was explained
correctly by every one—"b.d."
(this die, twice daily). Another,
"t.i.d.s." (terdie sumendum, three
times daily) was answered cor-
rectly by 61 out of the 61.

For two abbreviations there
were more wrong answers than
right ones. Twenty-five people
thought that "s.o.s." (si opus sit)
meant "to be given on one occa-
sion only if required" instead of
the correct "to be given if neces-
sary, and can be repeated" which
was scored by only 13. Twenty
people thought wrongly that "a.c."
(ante cibum) meant "after food"
—only 11 said "before food," the
correct answer.

Fortunately the highest pro-
portion of the nurses' correct
answers were given to the
questions about how often medi-
cine should be given. Serious
complications could obviously re-
sult if a medicine was given
three times or only a third as
often as was needed. The most
likely result of this ignorance
would in fact be stomach ache,
or vomiting. Many medicines are
irritant and so are taken after
meals. In the stomach the medi-
cines become mixed with food
which reduces the chances of
stomach irritation.

Commenting on the findings, a
London specialist in medical
treatment said: "Dr Robb's re-
sults will almost certainly speed
up the modernisation of pre-
scription writing. This started
with the switchover from
Imperial to Metric measures,
which was completed in 1969.
Another recent trend is for each
hospital patient to be given a
special medicine card in his case
notes. This indicates quite clearly
in English which medicines may
be given only once and which
repeated, whenever necessary.
The card is also ruled into three-
hour periods throughout the day.
When a medicine is to be given at
regular intervals, the doctor can
then fill in the precise times on
the card."

Two great companies Lombard Banking and North Central Finance join to become

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Announcement

From October 1, 1971, the prin-
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terms are also available.

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International Division

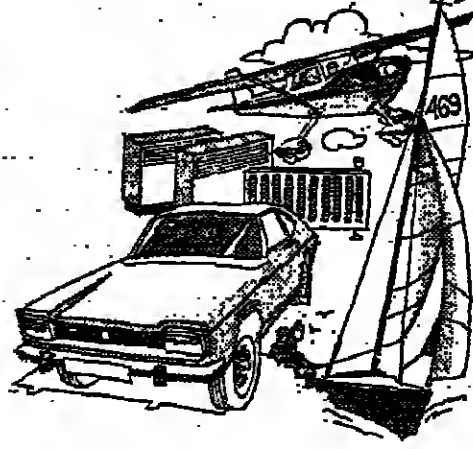
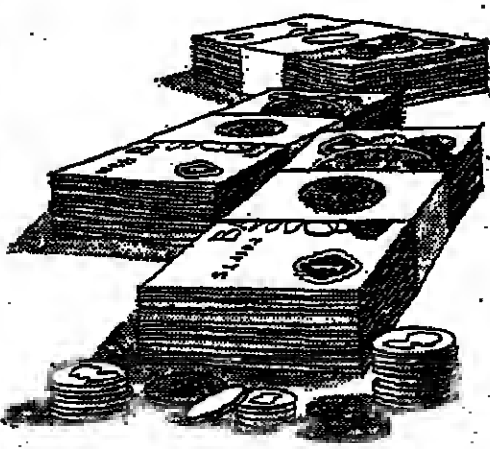
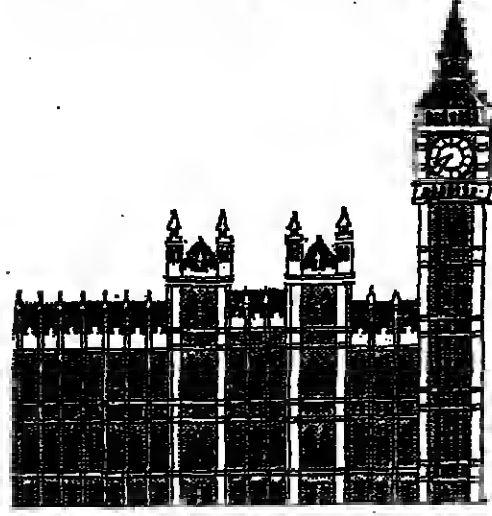
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Ireland

A TRIAL which could rock the regime of Ceylon's Prime Minister, Mrs Bandaranaike, is being held in a remote jungle village on the island. Two Ceylonese soldiers are accused of the attempted murder of a local beauty queen during the abortive uprising last April.

The gruesome allegations surrounding the girl's death have forced the Ceylon Government to invoke a special law prohibiting Press and radio reports of cases involving soldiers and policemen. These allegations, some of which will not be heard by the magistrate, include the humiliation and murder of a Buddhist priest and the rape of four virgins.

Details of the case, now at the preliminary inquiry stage, were brought out by Lord Avebury, who was expelled from Ceylon last week while on a fact-finding mission for Amnesty International. Lord Avebury, the former Liberal MP Eric Lubbock, interviewed two people who, although they claim to have seen the girl murdered, have not been called as witnesses for the prosecution. He is convinced they are telling the truth.

The village of Kataramaga, with its sanctuary to the god of war, is one of the holiest places in Ceylon. On April 16, during the uprising, six young Kataramaga girls were taken from their homes by soldiers of the Third Gemunu Regiment, the Ceylonese territorial army.

One of the girls was Prema Manampero who was Miss Kataramaga last year. She was still at the Kataramaga central school and had taught in a Sunday school in the Buddhist temple for three years. Her mother swears Prema was never a member of the so-called "Che Guevara" movement, which was responsible for the uprising under the official name of Janata Vimukta Peramuna.

The soldiers also arrested a priest, Gampola Rathnapala of the Sri Gunasanda Buddhist Centre. The arrest was witnessed by Piyasoma Samy, the father of one of the girls, who lives opposite the centre. He claimed: "I saw the priest being brought out in his underpants with his 14-year-old acolyte. A soldier hit the priest and he fell against a jeep."

The six girls, the brother of one of the girls and the priest were taken to the Ceylon Transport Board rest house in the middle of the town, then occupied by soldiers.

The events alleged to have taken place there are described by one of the girls, Daly Swarnalata, aged 19. She says five of the girls and the naked priest

Why a government censored the beauty queen murder trial

By Denis Herbst

were forced to perform fellatio and cunnilingus while about 20 soldiers formed a circle and watched. Prema refused.

A soldier smashed the priest's penis with a rifle butt and he was taken away. No witness saw him again until his bullet-riddled body, still naked, was found dumped in the village next day.

Daly Swarnalata claims that after the priest was taken away four of the girls, again excluding Prema, were stripped and raped. Kamala Mudalige, aged 19, claims a lieutenant forced her to perform an unnatural sexual act. "I begged him not to force me to do this," she shouted. Then he threatened to shoot me and placed his revolver on my chest. While I was shouting he committed the offence on me.

That night, claims Kamala, eight soldiers raped her in an empty house. Another girl claims a group of soldiers took her into another room and committed an unnatural offence on her.

All this time Prema had refused to submit. She is said to have told the soldiers: "I am like Ebelepolu Kumari Hani"—a legendary heroine who was ordered to marry a low-caste man after her husband was murdered. Rather than submit, Hani agreed to the execution of her children and promised to crush their bodies to powder. But after the children were executed she drowned herself.

The next morning at about ten Prema is alleged to have been stripped, held down by three soldiers and raped in the presence of the other girls. Afterwards she was ordered to dress, but she refused, saying: "My life is over."

The following account of what happened to Prema next was given by witnesses at a hearing at which three soldiers were charged with murdering her and conspiracy to commit murder. They were Lieutenant Alfred Wijesuriya, Sergeant Amaradasa Ratnayake and a lance-corporal. The charges against the latter were withdrawn before any evidence was given because of lack of identification.

Prema, with blood streaming down her thighs, was marched at gunpoint, still naked, down the busy main street, followed by Wijesuriya and Ratnayake. They stopped in front of the Gunasira Hotel.

An old lady sitting on the arcade heard one of the soldiers order Prema to say that she had attended ideological classes and written examinations in Colombo—an "admission" that she had been a "Che Guevarista." Prema went over to the old lady and repeated the statement. She turned, and as she crossed the road, Wijesuriya fired about three shots into her with a machine gun.

The soldiers returned to the rest house. Prema crawled across the street to an arcade where she was given a glass of water. Li Wijesuriya was told she was still alive and sent Ratnayake to shoot her again. He went back and emptied some more bullets into the girl.

A group of people carried Prema to a grave nearby. She was still alive enough to take off her earrings and ask that they be given to her mother. Finally another soldier arrived and finished her off.

This scene was witnessed by



Beauty queen Prema Manampero

many villagers, including two who gave taped interviews to Lord Avebury. None has been called as a witness or even given a statement to the police.

The hearing, like committal proceedings in our courts, was before the magistrate from a nearby village, Mr H. W. Senanayake. After some of the evidence was reported in the newspapers the censor banned further reporting under the Emergency regulations.

The charges against Wijesuriya and Ratnayake were changed to attempted murder—presumably because it could not be proved that their shots killed Prema. The hearing continues.

Daly Swarnalata and Kumala Mudalige were witnesses in a trial in which three soldiers were accused of "seducing and committing a sex offence." The men were acquitted.

The Ceylonese High Commissioner, Mr Tilak Goneratne, said yesterday that the Government had to prohibit Press coverage of the trial "for security reasons. We do not want to create a new situation all over again. You never know what impact it will have. But the public have not been prevented from attending the trial."

Asked whether charges were expected for the murder of the priest, Mr Goneratne said the administration of justice was sorely stretched because of the emergency situation and there was an inevitable time lag.

He said: "The Prime Minister has issued several statements telling soldiers and policemen to behave themselves. She will not condone excess. A special minister has been designated to hear citizens' complaints against the armed forces."

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AFTER CHEQUERS... THE OUTLOOK FOR NORTHERN IRELAND IS JUST AS BLEAK

The pitfalls in the Maudling plan

By John Whale

their way between pitfalls, Mr Maudling now see the way in Northern Ireland as lying in the minority towards the Roman Catholic minority. The plan is to emerge Maudling's current consultations, means to press on with devising it, the Roman Catholic minority's representatives will not help him.

best minority group in the Stormont, the six members of the Social and Labour Party (notably Mr Hume and Mr Currie), say that not sit down with Mr Maudling of the 219 IRA suspects interned in Kesh have been either charged or released. Mr Maudling believes Mr Heath and Mr Maudling believe it will change in the SDLP when the Advisory Committee begins its work this week. Mr Faulkner, the Ireland Prime Minister, said at a meeting last week that Judge had his two colleagues on the Commission were reasonable men; they would with reasonable recommendations, could be astonished if the Northern Government did not accept them. He pressed on this; but he was taken aback to learn that the Brown Commission would let at least a few dozen men on Kesh in the next two or three days, in a way that would put the SDLP, why the rest were too late to be at large.

st of ideas

SDLP co-operation, Mr Maudling will be collecting and sifting ideas to give a louder voice at all levels. He will probably be no Maudling as such. Ideas are being gathered from three or four Whitehall (though not the Rothschild) from Northern Ireland minor visits to the Home Office (the will be there on Tuesday), and from Mr Faulkner. A main element will be his "active document".

the brief paper setting out the plan, which is for a larger Stormont elected by proportional representation for a new kind of Stormont Senate (house) containing more Roman Catholics, some of whom might get jobs as Ministers. Mr Faulkner is not yet a Minister in Roman Catholics in Cabinet. Maudling knows what is in the air, because Mr Faulkner disclosed the (with an appeal to secrecy) at a. Mr Lynch, the Irish Prime Minister, doubted whether the scale of proposed would impress the Northern, but he forbore to say so. Chequers to sense a bargaining session round e. There was in fact no table: the Prime Ministers and their three sat in armchairs in the study White Room. Mr Faulkner and Mr were "Brian" and "Jack" to each other, and everyone scrupulously reserve everyone else's position. Mr Heath specific proposals at all. Maudling (who had lunch at Chequers

on both days) will consult Mr Faulkner again before he subsumes the Faulkner Plan and publishes the Maudling Plan. That will certainly be after any Conservative Party Conference vote on Ulster (on October 14 or 15), and almost certainly after the Westminster vote on European entry (on October 28). There would then be Westminster legislation to cast machinery for making sure that the planned arrangements lasted: it might be something like the joint commission of Westminster and Stormont MPs which Mr Wilson suggested three weeks ago. In the fulness of time there would follow a general election in Northern Ireland to fill the new, enlarged Stormont Commons. Catholic trust would increase, and the terrorism which feeds on Catholic mistrust would decrease.

THE PITFALLS in that whole prospect are considerable. The first and worst risk is that the minority will bear no part in forming the plan which is meant to meet their needs and wishes. Clearly, the IRA, the minority's self-appointed military arm, will not be seeing Mr Maudling—although they are the immediate sign and source of misery, and they say they are prepared to keep it up for two generations till they win their united republic. But it is nearly impossible for the SDLP to see Mr Maudling either. Hasty and ill-coordinated, they may not be wholly representative of the minority on everything, but they are on interment. If they relaxed their opposition to it now, they would not just lose face; they would lose what constituency support they have, and they are reminded of that every day.

Mr Lynch cannot take the SDLP's place in Mr Maudling's councils. At Chequers he was careful not to claim that he could. He is now back in the spectators' gallery. His officials have not been asked to contribute their ideas, although they have a good many; and he himself will not be in London again until November at the earliest. If he has held the lid on the chronic row in his party which could turn it out of office.

Nothing radical

Then there is the limited nature of Mr Maudling's proposals. He believes that the SDLP will fall in behind him when they see that radical changes are on foot and they risk having no part in shaping them. But the one thing that can be said with certainty about Mr Maudling's plan is that it will not be radical. He has ruled out of consideration not merely the abolition of the border between North and South but also any alteration to it, as well as any shift in Northern Ireland government functions. In other words, the notion of Northern Ireland as a declared region of Britain, with reduced territory and reduced powers—a notion developed at some length in Sunday Times editorial two weeks ago—is not to be considered. Even the present divided responsibility for law and order is not to be questioned.

Mr Maudling is cautious because he does not want to provoke a Protestant rising. It is a justifiable fear. Yet the Maudling plan

itself entails an unavoidable confrontation with the Protestants, as follows:

The Ulster Right grows in strength steadily. The new Ulster covenant, a repeat of the fierce protestations of 1912, has been signed by a third of all the Protestants in the province. Several of Mr Faulkner's top Unionist supporters are waiting only for his consultative document as an excuse to leave the party. Mr Paisley and Mr Craig, twin brethren of the Ulster Right, are at present warily circling the potential defectors and each other; Mr Paisley's net to catch them is the new loyalist party to be inaugurated this week, while Mr Craig prefers the idea of a rival to the present Unionist high command (the Ulster Unionist Council), which would win over Unionist constituency parties wholesale.

The Maudling plan will demand that sooner or later there should be a general election in Northern Ireland to fill the new, enlarged Stormont Commons. Mr Maudling's best hope is that Mr Craig and Mr Paisley will cut each other's throats on the hustings. But if they can come to an accommodation, they will sweep the board. One of them will then expect to be Prime Minister. Yet they have both publicly advocated policies which Mr Maudling has publicly said are unacceptable. So if work means anything, the British Government will then have no course open except to impose direct rule from Westminster and brave Protestants' wrath at the loss of their government.

And it will be back to the drawing-board with the Maudling plan.

Doubts on PR

Muriel Bowen writes: Mr Brian Faulkner's Cabinet is now completely split over the possibility of introducing proportional representation, and it may be several weeks before the consultative document on the reform of Stormont is ready. This will allow time for compromises to be worked out. Inside the Cabinet, men are prepared to fight, and resignations cannot be ruled out. This would threaten Mr Faulkner's chances of survival from within the Parliamentary Unionist Party as well as outside it.

After careful study of voting registers, MPs now discover that PR would virtually wipe out Unionist representation in three of the six counties—Fermanagh, Tyrone and Londonderry. Catholics have a majority in these counties, and, under PR, angry Unionists reckon they could stop any Unionist getting elected. Two Ministers, Mr John Taylor and Mr Harry West, would lose their seats. So would Captain John Brooke, the Unionist Chief Whip and son of Lord Brookeborough, a former Prime Minister.

Legislation to be introduced at Stormont on Tuesday, after the Summer recess, which is aimed at getting the thousands who have been withholding rent and rates for six weeks, in pay up, is now to be tougher than was envisaged even a week ago. As well as stopping the rent element in welfare benefit money, it is now proposed to stop a proportion of wages. The Stormont Government is working privately to get the support of businessmen and the trade unions behind this move.

Did 'third force' Republicans bomb the Protestant pub?

By Philip Jacobson and John Fielding

EXAMINATION of the ruins of the Belfast Protestant pub The Four Step, devastated on Wednesday evening by more than half a hundredweight of gelignite, has led Army explosives experts and intelligence men to postulate that a "third force" of extreme Republicans, outside the Provisional IRA, may have begun operations.

In the past, the Provisionals have acknowledged responsibility for bombs planted by their known members. However, they have denied responsibility for the Four Step blast.

The Four Step pub stood at the upper end of the Shankill Road, the heart of one of Belfast's most militant Orange areas. Four steps led up through the front door into a corridor to the rear. On the right were two doors, the first into a "singing lounge", the second into the bar. At the end, facing back down the corridor, was the door to the lavatory.

Last Wednesday, the pub was packed with Protestants returning from Linfield Football Club's 3-2 defeat in its European Cup match against Standard Liege.

Around 10 pm the crowd was swelled by men drifting in from a vigilante meeting at a school hall a few doors away. (They had been talking of organising street squads.) Just before 10.30 pm the gelignite exploded. The size of the blast—it demolished most of the pub's walls—indicates that about 60lb of gelignite was used. Since gelignite is about the consistency of butter, that would mean a charge filling two fair-sized suitcases. The blast centre, shown by a crater, was the pub corridor at a point roughly 6ft from the front.

It seems inconceivable that a stranger or, more likely, two men carrying suitcases would pass unchallenged in the pub, or even in the Shankill Road. Yet there were no reports of cars speeding away—though an innocent couple who were driving past at the moment of explosion were threatened by the crowd of 1,000 which



Wreckage of The Four Step: a "third force" at work?

assembled. One early assumption, therefore, was that the gelignite was Protestant, either stored in the pub or on its way to cause Catholic deaths, and that it exploded prematurely. One factor in subduing the Shankill crowd may have been this suspicion—though it is fair to say that, even before the Rev Ian Paisley and the local MP, Desmond Boal, arrived to pacify them, local vigilante leaders had done a remarkable job of peace-keeping.

But a pub corridor is no place to store gelignite. And the absence of metal fragments from the blast has convinced Army explosives men that the detonator was not the usual alarm-clock timing device but some quick-closing fuse, perhaps as simple

Step, the bar was packed with local vigilantes: they were actually holding a meeting. The blast left a 3ft crater in the pavement, damaged houses 100 yards away, and injured 27 people, six of whom were kept in hospital.

Again, the Rev Ian Paisley, with local Orange leaders, succeeded in restraining the Sandy Row crowd.

Those Provisional leaders who could be contacted in Belfast last week denied their responsibility for the Four Step explosion. Their denial is the more convincing because they admitted to us responsibility for a bomb which had exploded, could have been equally devastating—the 30 lb of gelignite designed to wreck the Whitehall restaurant in Belfast's shopping centre at 12.30 last Thursday lunch-time.

An anonymous warning was given by telephone to clear the restaurant, but this would have been difficult to achieve in the three minutes allowed. As it happened, the timing device was faulty and the bomb failed.

The Army has for some weeks been worried by the possible formation of a new and indiscriminate bombing group. A 15lb gelignite charge was dismantled on September 8 outside a Derry primary school at midday, just as the children were breaking for lunch. Two days later, a 45lb charge was dismantled in the city on a disused railway line now used as a footpath. The fuse was a tripwire: anyone could have set it off.

The apparent willingness to kill at random characterising these attempts is shared by the two pub explosions. But the latter have, beyond doubt, a new element. Both must have been designed specifically to provoke a violent Protestant backlash.

● A new pub blast occurred in Londonderry yesterday morning, when two masked men with guns wrecked a bar attached to a hotel in the city centre. The men walked in just after opening time, ordered out the staff—nobody else was present—and set off a charge of between 5lb and 10lb less than two minutes later.

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That £1 rise means pensioners 'worse off by Christmas'

THE RECENT £1 pension increase, which was intended to restore old people's purchasing power to what it was in 1969, will have been swallowed up by inflation before Christmas, according to a report to be published next week. And pensioners will then face the prospect of falling farther and farther below the 1969 level until the next review in 1973.

The report's sponsors, Age Concern (National Old People's Welfare Council), are particularly concerned about the plight of the poorest pensioners. At least two million of them rely on supplementary benefits to augment their pensions. Now they find the extra £1 putting only an extra 60p in the kitty, because their supplementary benefits are reduced by 40p.

Typical of pensioners in this group is Mrs Ethel Murphy, aged 82. She now receives a total of £8.05 a week in pension and supplementary benefit. Before the increase she received £2.35 supplementary benefit but this is now cut to £1.95. "I am disgusted," says Mrs Murphy. "Everybody should get the extra pound. The 60p I get won't make much difference. One thing is certain—it will all go in the housekeeping."

Her weekly budget is: rent £1.17; gas £1.25; electricity 25p; clothes club contributions 50p; three meals at a community centre 24p; housekeeping (minimum) £3.50; laundry 10p; window cleaner 71p. This leaves Mrs Murphy with, at the most, just under £1 to pay for special food needed for her hospital diet, newspapers and any household extras.

"If I do have a little money spare," she says, "I try and put a few shillings by for the winter to help towards the extra cost of gas and electricity. The hospital tells me that I must eat a lot of fresh fruit and vegetables, but I can't afford much. Fruit is especially expensive. I usually spend about 70p a week on special diet food, and if I have to go without one week, I try to make it up the next. I cannot afford holidays but as I've never been away on holiday all my life, I don't miss it much."

When the increase was promised last April, the Prime Minister said he would restore the pension's purchasing value to what it was in 1969, when the pension was £5. The necessary increase was calculated as an extra 81p, and the Government regards the additional 10p as a "bonus." But according to an analysis by Age Concern, that will all be wiped out by the end of December.

Ian Bruce of Age Concern comments: "With pension reviews promised only every two years, it is easy to see just how badly off pensioners will be in 1973. There has got to be an annual review. As the £1 increase goes to only one-sixth of the population, it may cost £500 million a year. But Ian Bruce maintains that a much larger allocation



For Mrs Murphy a weekly income of £8.05

is needed than any government has yet been prepared to face up to. "You cannot get decent pensions on the cheap."

Frank Field, director of Child Poverty Action Group, goes further than Age Concern and says the new rate leaves pensioners poorer than at any time since 1965. "The gap between the retired pensioner and the rest of the community has widened. In April, 1965, the value of a single person's pension was 21.2 per cent of the average industrial wage. Today it is only 19.7 per cent. Not only are the poor getting poorer, but the poorest—those receiving supplementary benefits—are having their increase clawed back."

Wendy Hughes

Four healthy minds suffer the despair of the mentally ill

By Wendy Hughes

MENTAL hospitals are indicted for inedible food, lack of privacy and inadequate and dangerous washing facilities, in a report prepared by four officers of the National Association of Mental Health who have recently stayed for three days as in-patients in psychiatric wards. Their identity was not known to the patients.

The report is being sent to the Secretary of State for Social Services, Sir Keith Joseph. Taking part in this experiment were Christopher Mayhew, MP, the NAMH chairman, Miss Mary Appleby, the general secretary, David Ennals, campaign director, and Charles Clark, chairman of the public information committee. Their aim as in-patients in National Health Service hospitals was to share the life of patients in the ward, and to identify with the needs of both patients and nursing staffs. In each case the hospital co-operated in the scheme.

All four agree that the food served was "disappointing" and "less than edible."

The diet was starchy with much bread and cocoa. In only one hospital did we receive fresh fruit. Vegetables cooked in a central kitchen reached the wards half cold. The poor quality of meat sufficed in fat was rejected by all but the most hungry patients. It was the experience of at least one of us that in a very large hospital, the acute ward received the same diet as the long stay ward. . . . The waste which some of us witnessed was enormous. We know that what we saw is to some extent a question of finance. In one hospital the sum of £1.79 per person per week was quoted to us and is clearly inadequate."

The report suggests that some food preparation of vegetables, fresh fruit and salads could be undertaken on the wards as part of a therapeutic programme, to the benefit both of the patients' occupation and of their diet.

They propose that this could be one way of alleviating the endless hours of boredom which forces patients to bed by 9 o'clock in the evening. "In one hospital, although sewing and embroidery were offered to the women patients, this was removed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the evening stretched ahead with only the promise of television. . . . So far as the men were concerned, there was no distraction of any kind. There were two newspapers brought to the ward but it was impossible to obtain any other. Although the hospitals in at least two cases had patients' clubs it was a depressing experience to

go there for, apart from the facility of being able to buy a cup of coffee, the purposeless sitting about the ward was reproduced in a different milieu."

Physical conditions on the wards are described as "disturbing" and 200 yard long wards as "not a life situation of dignity for human beings."

"Some of us slept in wards divided by curtaining. Some of us had no privacy of any kind. Washing conditions were barely adequate. In one case bathing conditions were below what might have been expected in a ward recently upgraded. For 15 women patients there was one bath raised on a high concrete platform to which the entrance and exit was a gymnastic feat: for a patient under any degree of sedation, it would have been positively dangerous."

The four voluntary in-patients all left hospital exhausted. They attribute this partly to the difficulty in sleeping and advocate the soft-soled shoes for use by night staff and segregation of seriously disturbed noisy patients from those who are less disturbed and need quietness and calm, especially on first admission.

While praising the patience, insight, dedication and kindness of the nursing staff, the report highlights the need for a big increase in staff. "One of us was concerned that the incontinence

of three-quarters of the patients and the necessity to do their physical needs, made it impossible for the few on duty to share the lives of the patients. . . . moving experience as even on long-stay wards most deteriorated patient hunger for the alibi of face and the opportunity of conversation which our visits possible. One of us was on two occasions to dis- behaviour by a patient who quivered the use of force restraint by two nurses. . . . there is understaffing a nurse may have to look at many patients. The patient very vulnerable. But the are vulnerable too. . . .

In conclusion, the report recommends the provision of widespread alternative care so that thousands of patients can be discharged. The need for smaller units with facilities for and eating outside the large wards. "One of us time in a newly furnished ward in an old hospital building had £20,000. It was still unsuitable. Can it be spent scarce money at the and still to produce living conditions more appropriate to the concept of the century?"

Europe's MPs clash over plan to legalise abortion

A HEAD-ON clash between Socialist and Catholic MPs from all over Europe will erupt in Strasbourg this week over a report to the European Consultative Assembly recommending governments to legalise abortion for "pressing social reasons," writes John Lambert.

The report, drafted by a Dutch Socialist MP, Mr Piet Dankert, also recommends the free sale of contraceptives, family planning centres in country areas as well as cities, sex education in schools, bigger children's allowances for poorer people, more creches, and special assistance for working mothers.

It was passed by eight votes to three in the Consultative Assembly's committee on population problems—whose chairman, Mr Georges Margues, a Christian Democrat from Luxembourg, resigned in protest. It was then fought through by a narrow mar-

gin in a second committee

social problems. Among the Catholic parliamentarians who will attack the report when it comes up for the full Assembly on 10 is the British MP, Mr N St John Stevas, who has put an amendment to withdraw reference to abortion.

Liberalisation of abortion is currently the object of campaigns in several European countries. Mr Dankert claims that, even in countries where the laws are very legal action is rarely taken against those who have illegal abortions and that this leads to the exploitation of women by scrupulous doctors.

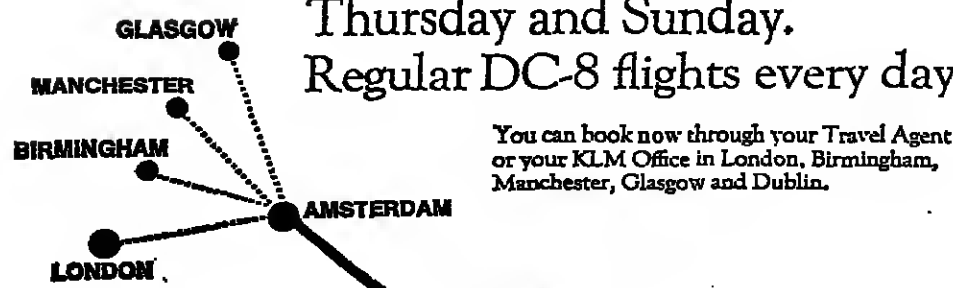
The outcome of the debate is hard to forecast. Socialists and Christian Democrats counter-balanced, it depends on the votes of MPs the Right Wing Liberal party

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The disturbing case of the murdered postmaster and man who turned Queen's Evidence

NE MPs have signed a petition for the re-opening of the case against Patrick Collins, 28, who is currently serving a life sentence for the murder of a Luton suburb. At his trial last year, Collins was identified as the man who shot the postmaster. The key identification evidence was provided by a woman who was a meeting which he specifically denied. Two independent witnesses whose testimony was the police before the case, never called evidence. WILLIAM THOMSON, LEWIS CHESTER, THOMSON examine for a trial.

After 6 pm on September 29, Mr Ronald Stevens, a postmaster in Luton, was in his car in Barclays Bank car park. The bullet in his chest after being fired from a car.

Shooting took place just outside the car park. Mr Stevens, who was shot in the chest, died at the scene. However, a strong possibility for the motive for the murder was the fact that Stevens had just received a large sum of money from a life insurance policy.

Mr Stevens was shot on September 29, 1970, after a trial in which three men—Patrick Collins, David Cooper and John McNeil—were convicted of his murder.

Mr Collins, 28, was a man with a criminal record who had originally been charged with the murder. Mathews later turned Queen's Evidence, and three men as having been involved in the murder. As all charges against him were dropped.

Mathews' story is that on September 29, he was driving with Cooper to Luton to pick up some money. For his trouble he was paid £10. On the way they were stopped by two men and a woman in three cars. Mathews later identified the man as Cooper, the woman as McNeil, and the other man as McNeil.

They arrived in Luton, where they parked the car. Mathews said that he was walking around the car park and adjacent streets. He saw the van come down the road. It stopped by him. He was a lot of shouting and

Murphy—who, according to Mathews, was the driver—cried to McNeil: "You've killed him." Mathews said he asked what was going on but was told to shut up. They drove to the station car park and there split up. Mathews then drove home. That night he saw an account of the murder on television. It was, he said, the first time he fully realised what had happened.

Mathews was arrested on October 22 and charged with murder three days later. Within the next two weeks the other three were also arrested and charged. At the committal proceedings on December 15 Mathews was freed.

The case against Murphy was that he went to Barclays Bank car park at Luton, was close to McNeil when McNeil shot Stevens, and then drove the van from the scene of the crime.

Murphy maintained that he was at home in Ilford with his family at the time of the murder and that the next two weeks the other three were also arrested and charged. At the committal proceedings on December 15 Mathews was freed.

The case against Murphy was based primarily on Mathews' testimony and the "identification" of Mrs Peggy Calvert of Brunswick Road, Luton, who was in a garden overlooking the bank car park at the time of the

fact that a witness has been shown a photograph of the suspect before his ability to identify him has been properly tested or an identification parade will considerably detract from the value of his evidence.

When Mrs Calvert went to the identification parade which included Murphy, she was nervous. She said she did not touch Murphy. Nor did she point at him. She simply made a statement when she left the room which said: "As I went in the door of the room where the parade was held I saw a man who would have been sixth in line." (This was Murphy.) "This man was very similar to one of the two men who I had seen run away from Barclays Bank Car Park on September 10, 1969."

But by the time of the trial Mrs Calvert had changed her mind. She now said that the man who showed nervousness was sixth in line from the door by which she went out of the room. Since there were nine people in the parade, the man in this position could not have been Murphy.

Mrs Calvert was an uncertain witness on identification—parades held for McNeil and Cooper she picked out strangers who were not involved—and this was recognised by the Appeal Court judge, Lord Justice Fenton Atkinson, who described Mrs Calvert's identification as "far from being of a satisfactory nature."

It was crucial to the prosecution's case that Murphy had driven the van away from the murder site, which was what Mathews alleged. However, there were two witnesses, whom the police interviewed, but who were not called at the trial, whose evidence appears to conflict with this.

Mr Edward Seal, a foreman at the trial, was involved in a near collision with the van as it left the Barclays Bank car park. He swore at the driver whom he remembered as hollow-cheeked and between 35 and 45 years old. He later identified the van for the police and was taken to three identification parades each of which included one of the three men, Murphy, McNeil and Cooper. However, he failed to identify any of them as the driver.

The police decided not to call Seal as a witness and passed his name on to the defence. Before the trial Seal received a letter from Murphy's solicitor asking for help but he ignored it. In a statement made to both Patrick Murphy's father and to Murphy's solicitors after the trial, Seal said that he asked at a police station what he should do and was told: "Ignore it and do nothing about it." After the trial Murphy's father showed Seal a photograph of his son and Seal said that he was not the driver of the van. However, he has picked out the photograph of another man as the driver.

John McNeil, a car dealer (whose name the police gave to Murphy's lawyers as well), also saw the van leaving the bank car park. He considered the driver to be in his 40s at the three identification parades for Murphy, McNeil and Cooper. He also failed to identify any of them as the driver. When the prosecution decided not to call him, Murphy's solicitor wrote to him too. McNeil says that Luton police told him to do as he wished and he had his wife write to the solicitor saying he had no information to offer.

The police are bound to inform the defence about any witnesses they have questioned but do not intend to call. They are not, however, required to tell the defence whether any witness might be of special value to the defence. Nevertheless, on this occasion it must have been clear to the police that the failure of Seal and McNeil to identify any one on the identification parade detracted from the prosecution case that the driver was Murphy. Murphy was only 25 and looked his age; difficult to confuse with the somewhat haggard man in or approaching his forties whom both Seal and McNeil say they saw at the wheel.

One can criticise the defence for not following up Seal and McNeil more diligently before the trial. But at the time they were simply names on a long list of discarded witnesses supplied by the police. The true relevance of their testimony only became apparent later.

After the trial, Murphy's solicitors finally got information from McNeil and Seal about their seeing the Ford van leaving the bank car park and at the appeal Murphy's counsel asked for permission to call the two men.

Permission was refused because, in the words of Mr Justice Fenton Atkinson, "the jury clearly must have reckoned that Mathews was very much more deeply involved in this than he said, and whether he was the actual driver of the van, or exactly what part he was playing does not matter."

This is difficult to understand; the prosecution's case was that Murphy was the driver of the van; did it not matter that it might have been someone else? The judge's words seem to imply that Murphy may have been convicted on evidence which was inaccurate in detail, but that this was irrelevant.

Three other points seem to have weighed heavily against Murphy: 1. Chief Superintendent Drury testified that Murphy's father had asked him on December 15, 1969, if his son could not turn Queen's Evidence like Mathews. This would, of course, have been impossible, so long as Patrick Murphy maintained that he was nowhere near the crime. His father maintains that the conversation was different, pointing out that his son always maintained he was not there.

2. When Murphy was arrested he already had on him a statement of his movements on the day of the murder. In fact he had made this statement on the suggestion of his solicitors' managing clerk on October 27, six weeks after the murder, because he had learned through an associate, who had been told by a policeman that he was already under suspicion for the murder.

3. A police constable from Luton Police Station testified that, before attending an identity parade on October 30, 1969, Murphy changed his hairstyle. But at the trial evidence was given on behalf of Murphy by his father and his solicitors' managing clerk that he had worn his hair in the second style for several months before the incident.

Since the appeal was dismissed, several new witnesses have come forward. After an article on the case appeared in Private Eye, three men came to the defence and made statements. Another man, Mr. Terence Edwards, an acquaintance of the Murphys, has stated that he saw Patrick Murphy driving his red sports car down Dalston Lane, Clapton, between 4.30 pm and 5.00 pm on the afternoon of the murder. A long way from Luton, where the murder occurred just after 6 pm.

For information leading to the conviction of the murderers of Mr Stevens, the Post Office offered a reward of £5,000. The Post Office will not say who received it.

When Parliament reassembles Murphy's MP, Mr Tom Iremonger (Con, Ilford North) plans to lead a campaign for a re-opening of the case. During the summer 41 other MPs, most of them Labour, have declared their support for Mr Iremonger's initiative.



The car in which the sub-postmaster was shot dead

Tribal chief may sue atom men

THE CHIEF of the Herero tribe in South West Africa, Clemens Kapuuo, may bring an action in the English courts against the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and other concerns connected with mining concessions in the disputed territory, writes Denis Hebbelstein. The move follows last year's agreement by Rio Tinto Zinc to supply 7,300 tons of uranium worth £25m to the Authority over the next decade.

Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, then Minister of Technology, approved the deal in spite of a United Nations Security Council recommendation that member states discourage the development of economic relations with South West Africa, and after the United States had announced its readiness to comply. Recently the International Court of Justice at The Hague delivered an "advisory opinion" that South Africa's mandate in the territory had been terminated and her presence there was illegal.

Chief Kapuuo has written to a London firm of solicitors, which last month consulted Louis Blom Cooper, QC, on the case's merits.

The chief wants all foreign firms removed immediately. "Our country is being robbed of its wealth and rendered barren for the future," he says. "Our fear is that when freedom finally comes to this land, it will be returned to us with no minerals left."

● Rio Tinto Zinc are in the news in Britain, too. They were recently given official permission to prospect for gold and copper in the Snowdonia national park. Conservationists called it a "great betrayal" at a rally yesterday.

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Jaguar XJ6

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ST3/10A



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**Methodist
Homes for the Aged**
1 Central Buildings,
Westminster, London, S.W.1.

**HOW TO COLLECT
PLANET EARTH**
See Colour Magazine
page 55

The wreck that could blow Sheerness apart... any day

off the South-East coast of England lies the wreck of the Richard Montgomery which went down in 1944. At the time no one was lured to touch her, for in her 1,300 tons of aerin fragmentation bombs. If they would be one of the largest non-nuclear blasts. Yet no one will accept responsibility for a wreck which is "unsafe to salvage."

The Richard Montgomery was an American ship, a cargo ship, which was carrying a large quantity of aerin fragmentation bombs. It was wrecked in 1944, and the wreck is still there, a danger to shipping and a threat to the town of Sheerness.

The wreck is a large, dark, and jagged mass of metal and wood, rising from the seabed. It is a reminder of the dangers of war and the need for proper disposal of military equipment.

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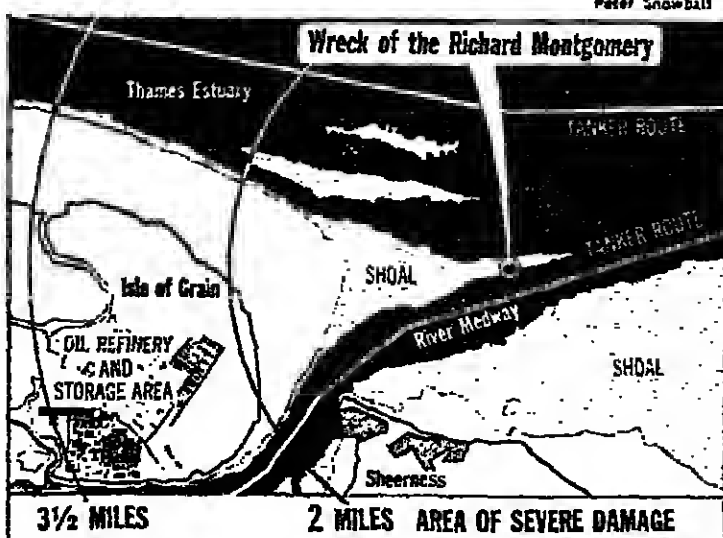
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The line of demarcation between departments is difficult to determine... particularly since public safety is involved... a bizarre ministerial excuse for non-action over the wreck (right) which threatens oil-tanks and towns (left)

Navy wrote to Mr Brance: "As I have always tried to make it clear in the House, and in correspondence, the Navy Department carries no responsibility for this wreck... In so far as the Government is concerned, I am advised that responsibility lies with the Board of Trade."

The Board of Trade, however, only accepted responsibility for handling this matter and any correspondence or questions arising from it. And the whole fobbing off of the affair is summed up by a Home Office letter of stunning cynicism: "The line of demarcation between departments is difficult to determine in

this case particularly since public safety is involved."

Nobody wanted to know. Yet as early as 1952, a working party had found the ship too dangerous to touch. And by 1957 it was felt that salvage would "create a hazard to the surrounding population." The wreck was marked by two buoys, and watch was kept by the Kent police, radar and launch patrols in the area. Nobody went on it: a careless skin diver might set it off.

Two years ago, a northern university planned a bomb hoax on the wreck. The idea was to blackmail the local council into giving cash to a rag charity. The

organiser's home was examined by police with a search warrant. Even though it was clear it was all a prank in bad taste, navy divers were sent down—at a cost of £1,000—to make sure nothing had been disturbed. Clearly someone knew just how volatile the cargo is.

Spontaneous combustion is highly unlikely. Pure TNT—Trinitrotoluene—has a very stable molecular structure. Its "shelf life" is extremely long and it is insensitive, requiring a detonator to set it off. Fused bombs will explode as the safety factors in the fuse—the hand arming nut, "settle back"

mechanism, air pressure device—corrode. Unfused, the bombs could last for centuries. Major Bill Hartley, a dozen of bomb disposal experts with 19 years experience and a George Medal to prove it, says: "I have recovered explosives dropped by Zeppelins and they were as good as the day they were made."

But nobody will say that spontaneous combustion is impossible. It only needs one bomb with impure explosive to go off, and the shock will set off a simultaneous explosion in the rest.

And Major Hartley points out that not all bombs are pure and perfect. "When it got to the

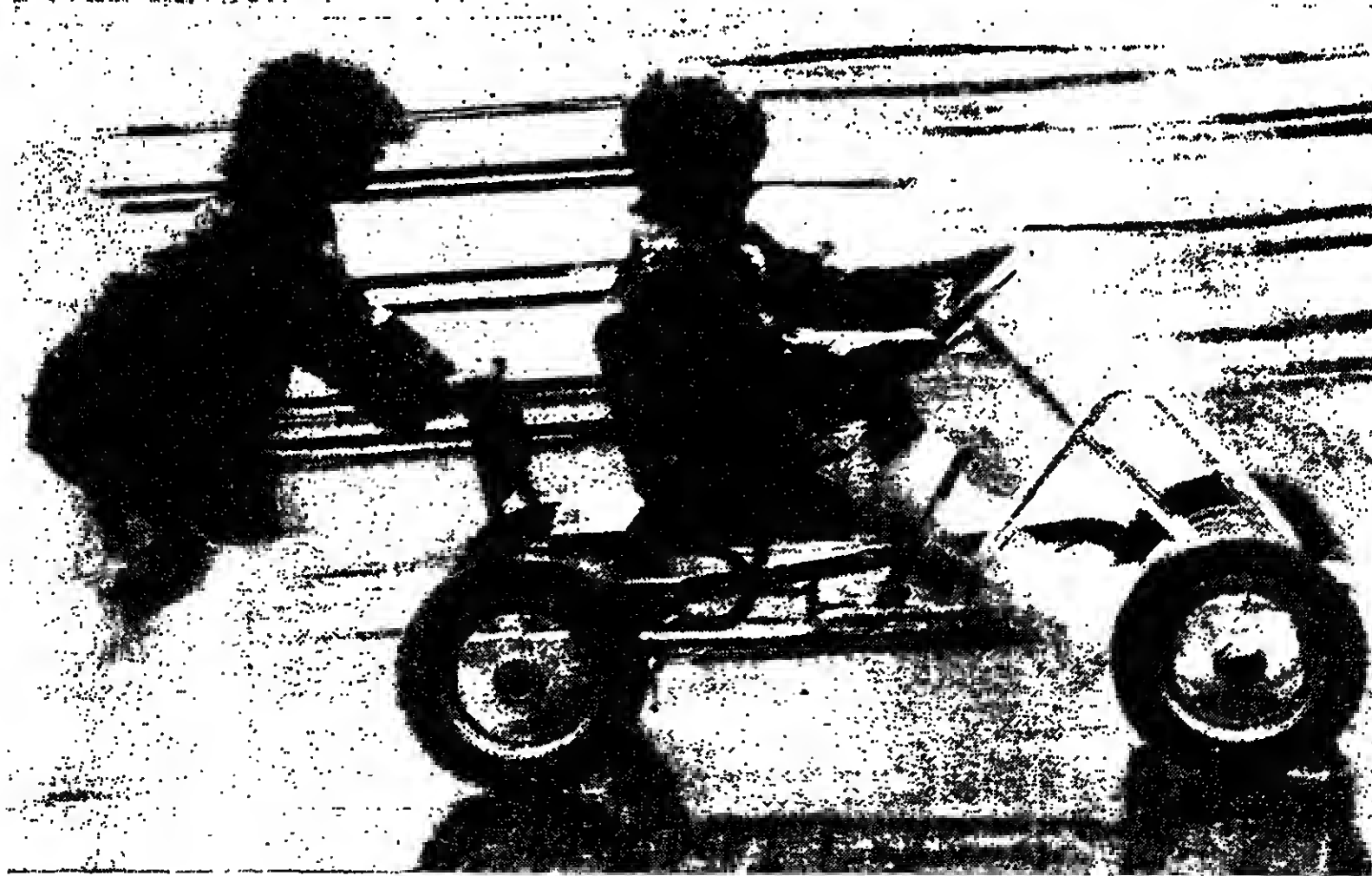
latter part of the war," he says, "everyone accepted adulteration of explosive mixture because they found that although it gradually intensified the explosion, and it made production easier, of course, because you are not concerned with as high a degree of purity. It is possible that the Richard Montgomery bombs contain adulterated explosive."

If TNT does break down, it becomes crystalline and so volatile that scratching it with a knife can set it off. It is possible for crystalline TNT to be "wiped" out of a bomb case and to form volatile pockets.

Of course, the Richard Montgomery has not stirred for 27 years. But then neither have the authorities to any visible extent. The Department of Trade and Industry's predecessor commissioned a new survey of the wreck in 1969. The report is finally ready and should be released soon. One intention was to look into the possibility of building a safety barrier of blockships to the south of the wreck. If the DTI does recommend a barrier it will be intriguing to know why a barrier should be thought necessary now, when it was not before.

Brian Moynahan and Bruce Bedford

Hoechst keeps thinking ahead



Protecting tomorrow's children today

Our children will not know of many of the health problems of the present generation. Throughout the world, scientists are engaged in a constant search for safer and more effective pharmaceutical and therapeutic agents. Much research is devoted to preparations that will prevent disease rather than treat established illness. In the important field of preventive medicine, Hoechst is making a vital contribution through its subsidiary Behringwerke in Marburg. The foundation for this work was laid by Emil von Behring with the discovery of prophylactic immunization against diphtheria. Today, Behringwerke is developing and producing an extensive range of sera for therapy and vaccines for prevention.

Ahead through systems thinking
DPT adsorbed vaccine for active

immunization against diphtheria, pertussis and tetanus, Quinto-Virelon additionally against measles and poliomyelitis, Partigen and Tripartigen immunodiffusion plates for improved diagnostic techniques—the result of Hoechst know-how and experience in many fields: In planned medical research, in pharmacology, pathology, chemistry, biochemistry, microbiology; in close collaboration in these fields and integration of the work.

Systems thinking is the Hoechst strategy. Research, development and product experience in many areas are concentrated on the solution of specific problems. Interdisciplinary thinking, systems analysis and systems technique to bring success. To keep thinking ahead—to solve

the problems of today and tomorrow—Hoechst employs 10,300 people in research and development with a research investment this year of more than £60 million.

Hoechst in Britain

Hoechst UK Ltd is an independent company within the international Hoechst group. Its British staff know their country, its problems, its people; and they realise where Hoechst know-how can inject into Britain's economy the experience gained by the parent company during more than a century in chemistry. In pharmaceuticals, for example, where Lasix—the modern diuretic—has revolutionised therapy for both man and animal. In veterinary medicine, where the traditions of Behringwerke are being carried forward by the research workers of International Serum Laboratories, part of Hoechst UK, who are engaged in the development and manufacture of bacterial vaccines and sera for farm animals, products exported to many parts of the world. In the textile industry, where Trevira polyester fibre has brought an entirely new concept to fashion. And where membrane structures from Trevira high tenacity fabric have at long last rendered outdoor events independent of the weather. Or in dyestuffs where experiments are proceeding to make the grass look greener in football stadiums and other sports arenas. Whether your problems are in plastics or paint raw materials, in dyestuffs or pigments, in fibres or pharmaceuticals, in agro-chemicals or films, Hoechst UK can help you promptly and efficiently.



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Why top people are keen about Britain

PEOPLE listed in Who's Who's present not just the of our society; they are, by definition, the Establishment. And it is clear from every carried out amongst 2,500 of them, that the Establishment views the state in today with a distinctly different eye.

Overwhelming majority of businessmen, civil servants and dons who were asked, feel that Britain is "ground" in international (61 per cent), in business (61 per cent), in public taste (61 per cent) and in public taste (61 per cent) the token we appear to be of the governing class in decline.

There are two significant findings which suggest a more pessimistic view: more than half questioned still feel that the making ground in social and 38 per cent approve progress in the Arts.

The survey was carried out on the 1963 survey of the Times newspaper in extended version of a completed in 1963. The sample, coming from the Who's Who gave the members of the social class, and the results of not only a comparison held now and eight ago, but a useful breakdown of those opinions by age.

Of the questions not in the 1963 survey, the influence yielded in life by some of our institutions. The BBC, up, and is clearly believed a considerable role, which plain the anxieties of those who have recently seen it in the news. No more 52% of the sample that the BBC was "very good", compared with 42% placed Parliament in the category, and 40% who re-lit the power of the press, which came bottom with 25% trade unions, civil service, the monarchy (only 15%).

Of course it is arguable that those who appear in Who's Who are not necessarily the dynamic forces who will move the country forward—rather they are the hard-core of success who have by and large run their course. But they undoubtedly represent the status quo. And for the moment at any rate, that status is regarded with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

Of course it is arguable that those who appear in Who's Who are not necessarily the dynamic forces who will move the country forward—rather they are the hard-core of success who have by and large run their course. But they undoubtedly represent the status quo. And for the moment at any rate, that status is regarded with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

Magnus Linklater

You're insured for death.

Now insure yourself for life.



"I'm better off dead!" he laughed.

There are those of us who mean it. And those of us who don't.

Those who mean it are the ones who have covered their families with straight life insurance. And they're happy about it. Those who don't mean it are the ones who have gone one better. They know about Friends' Life

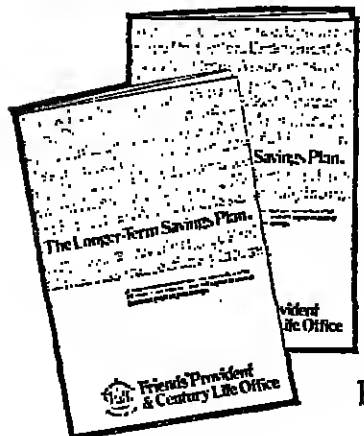
Savings—a type of life insurance that's a highly profitable form of savings.

Friends' Life Savings is a way of earning up to 14.30% gross interest per annum by regular savings.

For a chap on the standard rate of tax that should be very interesting indeed! In fact, we bet you'd be hard put to it to find something more rewarding. If our bonuses go on at the present rate, a Friends' Life Savings policy would double your savings well inside the next 20 years. That should keep you well ahead of inflation!

There are two important Friends' Life Savings plans: The Longer-Term Savings Plan (the "best with-profits insurance broker"); and The Ten-Year Savings Plan. Both the kind of life insurance that makes life insurance worth living for.

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No tears for taxpayers

From the Labour MP for Oldham West

ANTHONY PURNELL'S "down-trodden income taxpayer... in urgent need of compassion... who sometimes seeks solace by creeping off to Geneva" (Letters, last week) doesn't exactly jerk the tearducts. Indeed his pretence that the taxpayer is as deserving of our pity as the means-tested family has a certain quaint ring of comedy about it.

Though many families decline to apply for means-tested benefits because of stigma, those too proud to claim earned income relief must be a new breed of middle-class masochists worthy of early preservation for fear of becoming extinct.

Though Mr Purnell is annually required to complete an income tax return, he is sadly confused if he thinks he is undergoing the penalties of a means-test. The Inland Revenue assesses whether you are rich enough to pay a given level of tax; the Supplementary Benefits Commission assesses whether you are poor enough to receive public assistance. Poverty is still seen as failure in our society.

Need one add that this type of failure is rather more destructive than Mr Purnell's taxpayer's bizarre "sense of failure that he may never qualify to pay no tax at all"? Incidentally, has Mr Purnell discovered a new kind of psycho-tax phobia?

Michael Meacher
London SW1

True Trotsky

THE feature on Trotsky (Magazine, September 19) had a significant omission from the life of the "permanent revolution-ary."

I refer to his role in leading the murderous attack in March 1921 on the Kronstadt commune of sailors and workers who realised—long before Trotsky's fall from power made it politic for him to partly agree—the tyranny of the centralised and authoritarian Bolshevik state.

A study of this incident and the general suppression of independent workers' movements in 1918-1921 will reveal the true Trotsky: the authoritarian and bureaucratic "Stalinist" out of power.

Terry Phillips
Corby

Why so eager?

WHY IS Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn (last week) so eager for Britain to help expel Taiwan from the UN, and for America to withdraw its troops as a prelude to the "inevitable" re-union of Taiwan and mainland China?

The political system of Taiwan is surely not less democratic than that of the mainland, while economically Taiwan is an outstandingly successful country.

Would Mr Benn hand West Berlin over to East Germany, or Finland to the USSR, in the name of improved East-West relations? Geoffrey Sampson
Oxford

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

Festival of Light: another view

AS ONE of the many thousands present at the Nationwide Festival of Light in Trafalgar Square last Saturday, I feel that your report of the rally (last week) gives an extremely distorted view of what took place. Your report, no doubt, gives the truth of particular incidents, but unfortunately it does not give the whole truth.

Your reporter concentrates on the counter-demonstration, which took place toward the end of the main rally and involved only about 50 (your own estimate) Gay Liberation Front demonstrators.

You devote no more than one paragraph to the actual Festival of Light rally involving 30,000 (again your own estimate) people, predominantly, but by no means exclusively, young people. One would think that a mere comparison of numbers would indicate which rally was worthy of greater comment.

Does the lack of violence and disturbance in the Festival of Light mean that it is not worthy of report? The emphasis, by the Press and other mass media, on violence is precisely one of the things against which we were protesting.

Furthermore, the two photographs shown in your report are extremely unrepresentative of the general message proclaimed by the large majority of banners.

As shown in your photographs, there were banners indicating that the Wages of Sin is Death and that God is angry. These things are true, but they are only the negative aspect. More in evidence, and giving the positive side, were banners proclaiming, for example, that Jesus Christ is the Light of the World and that Morality is Sanity. This positive side is completely ignored by your reporter.

One might have hoped that you would give at least a brief résumé of the purpose of the rally, of the various proclamations read out, and of the various short speeches (or at least of one or two of them).

You mention that it was an anti-pornography rally; again this is only part of the truth for it was a rally to protest about the increasing corruption and "moral pollution" to be found in every sphere of life.

It was a rally to show that there is a very appreciable body of opinion in this country that does not appreciate the rubbish being shown on television and in cinemas and being published in books, magazines and newspapers.

It was a rally to show that we believe there are God-given standards to be followed. It was a rally also to stir the churches to more positive action in proclaiming the truth of the Gospel.



A Festival of Light supporter at the Trafalgar Square rally

of Jesus Christ to a nation that is fast turning its back on God to its own detriment.

Trevor Dayneswood
London N4

Mr Dayneswood's views are typical of many received this week. An examination of the origins and aims of the Nationwide Festival of Light appears in our news columns this week.

I WOULD like to suggest that the Festival of Light should become an annual event and that its supporters should continue to wear their badges. We can still give moral leadership to the world and help to save man from his folly. All that is needed is for the "silent majority" to stand up and be counted. Alexander Markin
London NW3

Revelation for Germaine

MISS Germaine Greer (last week) wonders why we wear panties. Alas a woman, I can now see the following reasons:

- In order to avoid frictions during inclement weather.
- In order to avoid exposure while wearing particularly when travelling on London Underground.
- In order to avoid dry-cleaning costs.
- In order not to offend.

But perhaps Miss Greer is not aware about temperature or dry-cleaning perhaps she really does not know these things.

ON READING the star-lit letters of that fellow your admirable news-cherished non-possessive and girlishly struck a chord of sympathy, possess one bra or girdle—which surely no journalistic scoop or journalistic do not possess a lib or one cardboard dicky a chap who does not possess one rupture-belt and a chap who has but five wild silk ted-socks.

Well, the world has known these things.

SURELY a truly woman would, if she did so, discard her knicker vaginal deodorant a second thought, in expending several thousand on the subject. Greer's preoccupation items seems to me to be of a most miserable sort. Elizabeth A. L.

Busy laugh

THE correspondence Women's Lib letters, seems to indicate that perforce, be either liberated or pathetic bound which is utter c

Thousands of women magnificently with being mother, running a home, doing a full-time job.

These women are mothers: understanding competent and con employees and they feminine. Their bound clean and comfortab households are organ their larders filled w cooking. They also knit

They take pleasure wifely and maternal; they enjoy their employ thus, because they are in every sphere, th delightful companions children. husband colleagues.

The one thing they seem to have time for to the papers, probably they are doubled up with at the whole idea of the Lib controversy. (Mrs) Hila

We can honestly claim that no other private health scheme offers as much as PPP.



Health Bonds and Safeguard. Two more advantages for Private Patients Plan members.

Private Patients Plan is unique. It is the only private health insurance organisation that doesn't set a weekly limit on private room charges. It is also alone in having the British Medical Association among its sponsors. Now, in association with the Commercial Union Assurance Company, two additional advantages have been added to make the most realistic and comprehensive private health insurance service ever offered.

1. PPP SAFEGUARD
You can ensure that your current rate of PPP subscription is paid for you and your family after the age of 65 or if you should die.

2. PPP HEALTH BONDS
A new package with three valuable benefits—
Help in the Home PPP can now help you face one of the biggest problems illness can bring, by providing £10 per week towards help in the home should

your wife be in hospital for a period of more than seven nights—followed by £10 for two weeks on her return home. Those registered as individual subscribers to PPP will receive, following more than seven nights in hospital, the two weeks payment of £10 when they leave.

£50 for a Holiday Anyone covered by PPP Health Bonds who spends more than seven nights in hospital is entitled to a £50 holiday voucher which can be used at over 150 first class hotels throughout the British Isles—a convalescent holiday is a tremendous aid to a quick recovery.

Low Cost Life Insurance
Life Insurance after sickness is not always easy to obtain. PPP Health Bonds give you the chance to obtain from £500 to £5,000 of life insurance with the minimum amount of formality.

PPP with three existing schemes providing cover for private room charges and specialist fees, now with the new optional benefits, gives you the chance of

obtaining the most comprehensive health insurance ever offered.

Please ask for details of all PPP benefits. Remember there are special rates available for Companies who operate staff groups.

PRIVATE PATIENTS PLAN
Eynsham House, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Tel: Tunbridge Wells 23381/6. Please send me full information about all PPP schemes.

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____



NEXT WEEK

PLANET EARTH

ON
BLACK AFRICA

Perhaps the most politically turbulent area in the world, the countries south of the Sahara have not taken easily to independence: 28 of them have experienced at least one coup or serious disturbance in the last decade, ten have called in foreign troops, 26 are now one-party states. And in the south, the white regimes are bidding to take over the dominant role assumed for so long by the European colonialists.

Next week, in the third part of our new cut-out-and-collect colour series, Richard West surveys the complex problems of Black Africa.

For full details of how to collect this unique series, see page 55 in this week's Colour Magazine.

Out of Sight Out of Mind



This man, and thousands like him, is alone and helpless. He cannot even cope with the routine problems of life. His mind was shattered by horrifying experiences in the service of his country. It could have happened anywhere between Dunkirk and Belfast. At any time. Please help us to help the tens of thousands of ex-service men and women whose lives have become unbroken nightmares. Will you help by sending a donation?

Ex-Services Mental Welfare Society
37 Thurloe Street, London, SW7
Tel: 01-584 8688



Industrial Relations Act 1971

Maybe you know about it. But shouldn't you know more?

The Industrial Relations Act became law in August, 1971.

It's the biggest and most important piece of legislation on employer/employee relations for over 60 years. It probably affects you in some way. So how can you find out about it, quickly and easily?

The Act outlined is a 16-page booklet published by the Department of Employment. It's a simplified run-down of what the Act sets out to do, and how it will work in practice. If you need a more detailed summary of the Act, we've also published a Guide to the Industrial Relations Act, which runs to about 90 pages.

And from time to time, we'll be publishing leaflets about specific parts of the Act as they come into operation. The first, on Registration (of Trade Unions and Employers' Associations), is now available.

All three publications are free, and available from any Employment Exchange in Britain.

Alternatively, you can send for The Act outlined (only), using the coupon below.

Send this coupon to PO Box 201, Mitcham, Surrey.

Please send me The Act outlined, the short guide to the Industrial Relations Act.

Name _____

Address _____

Postal Code _____



shouldn't you know more?

If you need more than 1 copy please indicate the number in this box: _____

(Issued by the Department of Employment)

PPP: pacemakers in private health insurance.

هكذا أنت الآن

THE JAPANESE THREAT

Labour demands its sacrificial victim

FOR THE LABOUR PARTY, since the excellent one-day debate in July, the Common Market has ceased to be an issue of substance, to be discussed on its merits, and has become an issue of power, to be fought between factions. Another confirmation of this will occur at Brighton tomorrow. The national audience will be less conscious of any giant leap for mankind than of the small steps of little men jockeying for position. Some Labour Ministers, like Mr Callaghan, were probably never very deeply convinced of the merits of entry even when they were in power. Otherwise, where Mr Wilson has led many have followed, and the smashing of the Market is likely to be as loud a demand as the smashing of the Government. Already it seems clear that Mr Jenkins will be forced to resign from the deputy leadership.

Given the mounting tide of opinion against him, Mr Jenkins will be wise to resign before the crucial Parliamentary debate. But he will be equally justified if he nonetheless contests the deputy leadership later. His position, opposed to the party on a major issue, would be truly untenable only if a General Election were pending. When an election is held the Market may well have receded as an issue, and Labour's divisions with it.

Mr Jenkins' future is important. Nothing would be worse for Labour than a vindictive campaign against the Jenkins wing, to drive all Europeans from positions of influence. Mr Jenkins may never have been close to the heart of the movement. But by driving him from office the party runs the danger of proclaiming its own narrowness. Mr Jenkins represents a strand of social democratic politics to which no other Labour leader has been so faithful. His standing with a section of the public, among whom are many floating voters, is something which no one else enjoys. His very Europeanism may yet be valuable to the party, if ever it chooses to reaffirm its forgotten dedication to internationalism. One test of Mr Wilson's performance this week will be his ability to resist any party commitment to get out of Europe. But another will be just as important: his willingness to assure Labour's Europeans that they have a place.

Human rights are above politics

THE CASE OF THE Kenyan Asians has now reached its decisive stage. Following last week's hearing before the European Commission on Human Rights, a "friendly settlement" is now to be sought between the British Government, which insists on its right to deprive British passport-holders of their right to come here, and the British Asians, who contend that this infringes the Human Rights Convention. The Commission has already indicated that the 1968 Immigration Act raises a strong *prima facie* case under the Convention. If it confirms that finding, the question before it is what remedy is appropriate for the victims of the measure.

The Government would doubtless prefer to settle for financial compensation for the particular applicants in this case. It might also go so far as to suggest raising the admission quota for East African Asians. Either or both of these remedies would avoid further embarrassment, because the Commission would not proceed to publish findings on the principle of the matter. The Government would be spared the political dangers implicit in repealing the offending statutory clause. If the applicants accepted the deal, the case would be closed.

There will be pressure on the applicants to accept. But the Commission is not under the same constraints as the Government and need not attend closely to them. Indeed, the very purpose of its existence as an independent international tribunal will seem questionable if it does not assert that human rights are above politics. It may yet find no breach. But if the discriminatory denial of citizenship is deemed to have happened, and this is deemed to be degrading treatment, neither money nor quotas can meet the case. For the Commission's own future, as well as for the applicants, it is essential that the settlement strikes out the stigma.

The civilised way to go

IN SIGNAL-BOXES overlooking fields of stubble, in station waiting-rooms filling with dead leaves, the word is out. The grim reaper is expected. The ghost of Beeching rides the footplate once again. Millions last year, British Rail are paupers again this; and at once the talk is of the pruning-knife, the cut-back, the axe. Country railway-lines which survived the first Beeching era in the early Sixties are part of the "social" network which Labour divided in the late Sixties from the "commercial" lines; but their consequent subsidy has grown less and less adequate, and they had no share in the Government's modest offering last week to the more noticed part of the "social" network, urban commuter lines. (Similarly town buses get a little money; country buses have had to be content with an easing of restrictions.) So closures, and rumours of closures, are with us still.

The Beeching harvest of old sleepers was well gathered in. At the time it seemed the only course; and it may well have saved railways in Britain from the kind of demoralisation and squalor which has overwhelmed the American system. Yet in retrospect the question is not so much whether the operation was well done as whether it should have been done at all. We did not know what we were capitulating to. We had not measured the insatiable voracity of the motor-car: not its capacity to kill (that was already documented and disregarded), not its propensity to poison, but its power to defeat its own promise—to offer rural retirement and then starve the public transport on which it must still depend, to hold out a day by the sea and then turn the sea front into an evil-smelling traffic-jam, to suggest convenience and substitute chaos.

Mr Marsh, who now sits in Lord Beeching's old chair at British Rail, understands that perfectly well. He must ensure that the point is equally well taken by Mr Walker at the Environment and Mr Barber at the Treasury. Perhaps he should insist that they drive their own cars to Brighton for the Conservative party conference instead of going by train. They would learn the lesson that, comparatively considered, a train is a preserver of civilised amenity which is itself worth preserving at public expense.

TOMORROW MORNING Mr Joseph Godber meets his NATO colleagues in Brussels for the second act of the melodrama in which British Conservatism saves the West from international Communism; his mission is to block the growing rapprochement between the Soviet Union and the United States and to halt the race to Moscow for security talks. On Tuesday the Emperor of Japan will arrive in Britain at the end of his unprecedented tour of Europe. Nothing could better illustrate the recent revolution in world politics than these two events.

The world is at last coming to realise that its future no longer lies between the two colossi of Russia and America. Both have been cut down to size not only by their internal difficulties and the rise of China, but also by growing challenges to their authority in their own camps. In some fields they already have more fellow-feeling for one another than for their allies. The new global triangle of power, Washington-Moscow-Peking, is now echoed in the non-Communist world by the triangle America-Europe-Japan. A failure to improve relations inside the second triangle could wreck the real hopes of progress in the first.

The Emperor's current tour shows that Europe and Japan are at last coming to recognise their importance to one another. But both still show a dangerous insensitivity to the transformation in those American attitudes to which they owe a quarter of a century's security and economic growth. The European Governments are too obsessed with the problem of organising their relations with one another. Japan is still stunned by the double shock of President Nixon's Peking visit and the import surcharge.

A fundamental shift of power and interest has taken place inside the American system. To put it in a nutshell, whichever party wins the next Presidential Election, Mr John Connally and Mr Wilbur Mills are likely to have more influence on American foreign

policy for the next five years than anyone whose primary interest is world affairs; either of them might well be President before the decade is out.

In the outside world Japan is at once the first cause and first victim of the change in the American outlook; but Europe will be deeply affected by the Japanese reaction. Whatever adjustments may be made in currency parities America is no longer prepared to take nearly half of Japan's exports. There is no present sign that whatever other concessions she may make, Japan will voluntarily plan for a lower rate of growth than her post-war average, which is well over twice the Western norm. In this situation most Americans see three possibilities: either Japan must divert her surplus production into armaments, or she must sell in Europe what the United States can no longer afford to accept, or both.

The Administration's preference seems to be for armaments. Though Japan is now spending nearly as much as Britain on defence, this still amounts to less than 1 per cent of her GNP. American officials, worried about the consequences of their own troop withdrawals from Asia, and rightly seeing Japan's comparative freedom from normal defence burdens as one reason for her competitive power, seem to hope that economic frustration and security fears will combine to promote a big increase in Japan's military strength. There are certainly forces both in Japanese government and industry, which would welcome this. But most Japanese diplomats and businessmen are well aware of the extent to which Japan's acceptability in Asia depends on her maintaining a low posture in both foreign policy and defence. Moreover a majority of the Japanese people is still opposed to further rearmament. Any substantial shift in this direction could impose dangerous strains on the fabric of Japanese democracy.

The immediate consequences of a Japanese rearmament which came about in these circumstances would be to erect an enormous obstacle to the improvement of relations between Washington and Peking, which already suspects that such a plan may lie behind the Nixon doctrine. But in the longer term a rearmament Japan, which would certainly produce its own nuclear weapons, would be as likely to work with Russia or China as with the United States. Indeed the split between Washington and Tokyo could come to rival that between Moscow and Peking.

Whether or not there is an increase in Japan's defence spending, she is bound to increase her pressure on the European market as her production rises and the American outlet is reduced—indeed it is Japanese rather than European capital which is likely to flood into Britain if we join the Common Market, just as Japanese producers seem to have taken

the initiative now in raising the implications of the planned Japanese growth rate with both Tokyo and Washington—neither is likely to act without external prompting. The best answer would be to combine greater domestic consumption inside Japan with a programme of development aid for the Third World. Japan's growth rate will remain a time-honoured unless its consequences are tackled directly.

Europe has an even more urgent problem nearer home. President Nixon is under increasing pressure to cut America's forces in Europe as the election approaches and his economic difficulties mount. The current monetary crisis has turned attention again to the great disparity between what America is doing to defend Europe and what the Europeans are doing to defend themselves. Meanwhile the farmers of the Midwest complain increasingly of the Common Agricultural Policy and American industry shudders at the prospect of a great enlargement in the area of tariff discrimination as other countries join the Common Market as full members or associates. America is turning sour on Europe.

Since the President has committed himself against a unilateral reduction of American forces he can hope to meet the electoral pressures only by negotiating mutual reductions with the Soviet Union. Yet at the moment the European allies are hardly divided on the issue. Germany, Italy, and the smaller countries do favour rapid multilateral negotiations, but they want to take a share in any reductions agreed. This means that America would not benefit much from the first stage of any agreement, and would still be carrying as disproportionate a share as ever of the common defence. Moreover since presumably the other Warsaw Powers would also take their share of cuts, there would be no significant reduction in the Soviet forces in Central Europe which are the main threat to NATO.

As much advantage as British producers of the July mini-budget. In such a case, Japan will have the same experience in Europe as in the United States. After some years in which she builds up a formidable challenge by skillful and aggressive marketing, she will find business and labour combining to force the European Governments to protect them from bankruptcy and unemployment. The Japanese invasion will be stemmed again, and a new set of shutters will go up against free trade.

Apart from the increased risks of a world trade war which would result, it is difficult to imagine that a Japan thus twice rebuffed by the Western world would not turn inwards and rely once more on its military power for both political and commercial influence.

If these dangers are to be avoided, Europe should take

France opposes multilateral negotiations partly because she is outside NATO and partly because she still cherishes the illusion that she can make her own deal privately with Russia. But the British Government is the greatest obstacle. It opposes early negotiations of any sort. Sir Alec has assumed the mantle of Foster Dulles. Mr Heath is widely regarded as having dramatised the expulsion of the Soviet spies in order to "prick the bubble of euphoria" about the Russians, as the BBC put it—a coup de théâtre which received little applause either from Chancellor Brandt, who has just returned from seeing President Brezhnev in the Crises, from President Pompidou, who is just about to receive him in Paris, or from President Nixon, who is already making progress in the SALT talks.

Next week's meeting of Nato's Deputy Foreign Ministers is therefore of crucial importance. If they are unable to agree on early negotiations for mutual force reductions—an issue now separated from an All-European Conference—America is likely to lose patience and seek a bilateral agreement with the Soviet Union. The President's cordial two-hour talk with Mr Gromyko last Wednesday is significant. We may yet read that Dr Kissinger has organised a visit to Moscow too. A touch of Gaullism would be as popular with the American electorate today as it has ever been with the French—and the appetite might grow with feeding.

While a bilateral agreement would be better than none at all, it would be tragic if Europe excluded itself from the dialogue. Yet both on the Japanese growth rate and on European force reductions the Establishment tells us to wait until after the American elections and the enlargement of the Common Market. President Nixon's August bombshell should be a warning to the complacent. It may be too late in 1973.

Washington

BEFORE President Nixon's meeting with Emperor Hirohito many persons here had feared that the two men would find nothing to talk about, because of the probability that no Emperor of Japan will have anything at all in common with any President of the United States.

Fortunately, there was no cause for concern. Each of these two great men had been so magnificently briefed by his expert advisers that the conversation was able to flow easily and naturally. As host, President Nixon spoke first, welcoming the Emperor with an apology for the humbleness of Alaska and assuring him that it was perfectly all right to take off his shoes "if it would make him feel more at home."

Hirohito responded by clapping the President heartily on the back, playfully pinning a left hook at the presidential ribs, and saying, "You're looking great, Mister President. How's the wife?"

The President said that Mrs Nixon would be "battered beyond expression" when informed that his imperial highness had inquired about her. He himself, the President went on, was extremely honoured by the inquiry, for it was a great compliment to his own judgment to have selected for a wife a woman whose well-being might be inquired about by the Emperor.

"Don't mention it," said the Emperor.

The President then suggested that the Emperor slip into his kimono while he, the President, got into his terry-cloth bathrobe. He said that they could then sit on the floor and have the tea ceremony.

The Emperor said that if it was all right with the President he would prefer to sit in a rocking chair and have some hamburgers sent up from a dive-in. At this Nixon dropped a lotus petal in a glass of water, which was the signal for aides to bring a rocker, cancel the tea ceremony and send up four hamburgers.

Nixon asked the Emperor's permission to tell him something extremely personal.

"What's an Emperor for?" the guest replied, with a wink.

The President confided that when he was at Whittier College as a young man his consuming ambition had been to become a great sumo wrestler. One of the saddest days of his life, he said, was the day his coach told him he would never weigh 385 pounds and be only four feet two inches tall and could, therefore, never wrestle sumo on the first team.

Hirohito said that, well, nobody could win them all.

Nixon asked the Emperor who he thought was going to be No. 1 this year in sumo wrestling. The Emperor then put questions to the President about the New York Dodgers and who would be top-scorer in the baseball business.

The President congratulated the Emperor on the quiet grace and simple beauty of those questions and said that he was unreasonably embarrassed by his inability to answer them, as he would like to, with one perfect haiku, but that unfortunately his ghost writers had been unable to compose even so much as a pedestrian haiku, although the Emperor's questions had been anticipated for weeks and the poor-wretches had been labouring at the haiku bench for days.

The Emperor became very grave at hearing this news and said that labour was a splendid thing, even when it wore no fruit, because labouring made people good and pleasant and enabled them to live in dignity. He had gotten where he was today, the Emperor went on, because he had followed the inspirational example of his father, who, although an Emperor, had never hesitated to work over hard and weekends at the imperial chores.

Nixon said he was a great admirer of Japanese art and asked the Emperor's permission to inform him that he liked "Rashomon" almost as much as "Patton."

The Emperor said that King Kong was the greatest monster ever filmed, adding "and that includes Godzilla."

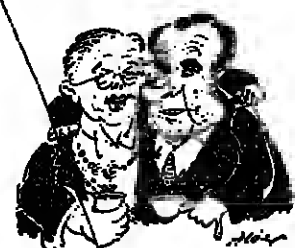
The time allotted for their meeting had been exhausted fifteen seconds and, in this note of mutual understanding, the meeting ended.

—New York Times.

Russell Baker

* a haiku is a three-line poem, with its total of 17 syllables divided into lines of 5, 7 and 5 syllables.

...and a bit of eavesdropping on that royal tour



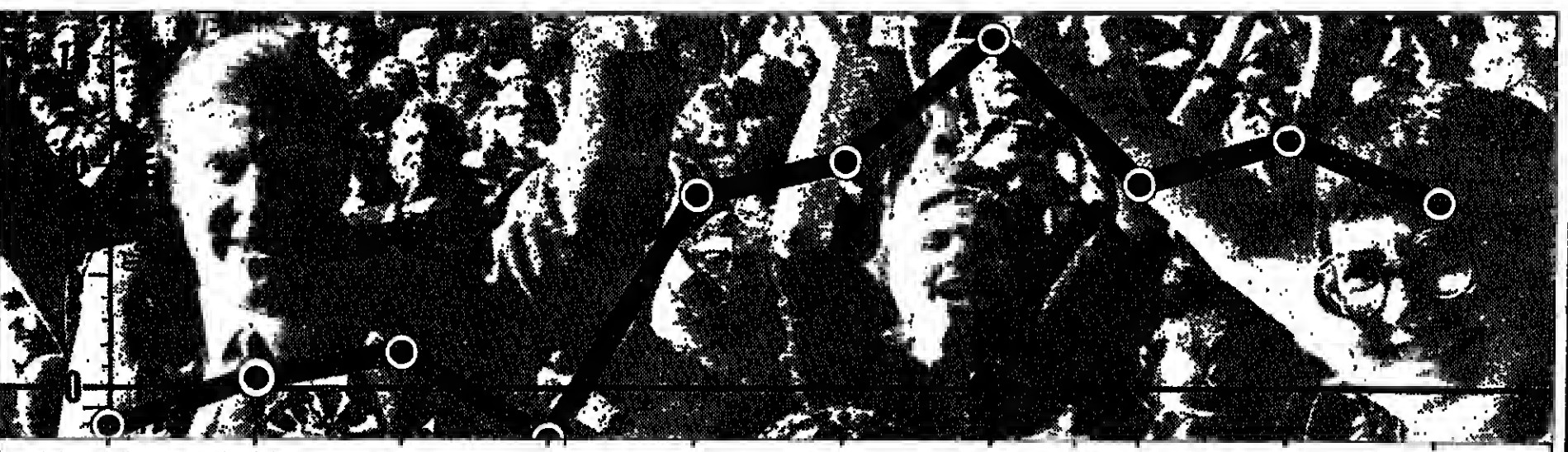
WASHINGTON

DENIS HEALEY

as much advantage as British producers of the July mini-budget. In such a case, Japan will have the same experience in Europe as in the United States. After some years in which she builds up a formidable challenge by skillful and aggressive marketing, she will find business and labour combining to force the European Governments to protect them from bankruptcy and unemployment. The Japanese invasion will be stemmed again, and a new set of shutters will go up against free trade.

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The percentage swing to Tories (under the line) and to Labour (above the line) in ten by-elections since the General Election

LABOUR'S FRAGILE POPULARITY

IF MACCLESFIELD had been wrested from the Tories, no doubt Labour delegates would be assembling at Brighton in a warmer glow of confidence. Yet even as things are, they have the comfort of seeing their party solidly back in the lead in terms of public popularity within 18 months of its ejection from power. What is more, the causes of the solid shift of public opinion against the Government are such that the Labour Party can embrace with fervour as the banner for its crusade.

These are the fear of unemployment, already extending far beyond the large number already out of work, the crippling burden of the cost-of-living for many people and the Common Market. Because of the disarray it threatens to cause within the party, the last of these is the most dubious of these advantages to Labour. Nevertheless, it is on balance decidedly helpful to the Opposition, not least because it is the only conceivable issue which could bring about a General Election (unlikely as this is), while the Government is still engulfed in general unpopularity.

However, one only has to list the causes of the public's present discontents to see how fragile the Labour Party's popularity is. Labour is no more than the beneficiary of the Government's unpopularity. However much the public disapproves of a Government, it will not shift its support decisively if the Opposition does not carry conviction. Mr Wilson's undoubted poll-measured popularity in the last election was nullified precisely because, in the last analysis, he did not carry as much conviction as the less popular Mr Heath. The question for Labour now, therefore, is whether it seems likely to be an attractive political alternative in (say) two or three years

time when the Government has ceased to do its job for it.

The answer that most thoughtful Labour leaders would be bound to give is that, in the present showing, it does not. My strong impression is that several of them do not privately believe that they will win the next election. In the present volatile condition of public opinion, the Labour Party's present lead offers absolutely no guarantee of victory in three years' time, when the Government has largely overcome the employment problem, put the issue of Europe behind it (so that it appears as an achievement rather than as a threat of the unknown) and has slowed down the rise in the cost-of-living—all of which I think it will do. The most that Labour can hope for is that, if the Government has to face another two years' of high unemployment, it will be left with such a backlog of resentment that the election will be close. If this happens, Labour's credibility and what it has to offer would tip the balance.

What, in fact, does Labour have to offer? The relevance of Mr Wilson's personal popularity above Mr Heath's was clearly shown in the last General Election and (unless Mr Heath has committed some awful blunder), it will do nothing for Labour next time. It is not easy to dissent from the opinion of the editors of the Political Quarterly (a sober academic journal sympathetic to what are euphemistically called progressive politics) that Mr Wilson is now actually a liability to Labour. I would not go all the way with their statement that Mr Wilson has "proved himself unfit to be its leader" and has come to stand for nothing except "maintaining his own position." That seems to me to underestimate his capacity to make right

judgments on the big issues that affect the life of the nation. But it is not easy to refute the assertion that his interest in the daily techniques of politics so far over-rides his interest in general ideas, that he is unlikely to preside over the formulation of the new, coherent policy-making now needed by Labour.

Yet he is unlikely to be replaced by anyone else during this Parliament, chiefly because there is no more agreement among the claimants now than there was when Labour was in office, about who should succeed him. What is more, there is a sense in which Mr Wilson's capacity for compromise and discovering common denominators is precisely the sort of leadership which the Labour

Party is always instinctively inclined to want. Deeper than the issue of Mr Wilson's personality is, perhaps, the question of how far the Labour Party would ever be prepared to take leadership that was not, in some degree, Wilsonian.

The innately fissionary tendencies of the Labour Party are now being expressed in other ways—and notably in the urge on the part of Mr Wedgwood Benn and others to drive Mr Roy Jenkins to voluntary resignation—from the deputy leadership for reasons that are not wholly connected with the Common Market, with its threat of division between the Jenkins wing and the majority, may have as many disadvantages as advantages for Labour in the long run. But the potential divisions in the party are no less evident

in the different approaches to more general policy-making.

First, there is Mr Crosland who finds the lack of policies "disturbing" and who has himself been quite consistent over the form the policies should take. Labour, he believes, must stick to the old priorities of social betterment, the relief of poverty, redistribution of wealth and so on—but recognising that nothing can be achieved without economic growth. But to secure growth, Mr Crosland comes back to what are to him the key issues of prices and incomes policy—the only flaw in this otherwise convincing argument being that it is difficult to see what a price and incomes policy could mean other than re-treading the old ground of 1964-72.

Yet Mr Crosland is obviously right in his realistic insistence that means of paying for Labour's social policies must first be found—and also in his warning against what he once called the "siren voices" which diverted the party along the false trails of "alienation, communication, participation, automation, student revolt, the generation gap or even Women's Lib." One of the "siren voices" which have been most inclined to intone the creed of participatory politics (workers' control and all) has been that other insistent policy-maker, Mr Wedgwood Benn. Which policy approach is to be Labour's—Mr Crosland's, Mr Benn's or that of Mr Wilson, who sits waiting to carry on where he left off in 1970 and, no doubt, comforting himself by telling up all the coming mistakes and misfortunes of the Heath Government which will enable him to do so?

Finally, Labour is as much troubled by poor organisation as by the lack of policy. The Party's research facilities are simply not up to providing the infrastructure required for

credible policy-producing. Unlike the Tories in power, the Labour Government allowed its own research department to run down—policy-thinking was largely confined to No. 10. But Labour's basic want now is money. Mr Crosland has recognised this: so has Labour's national agent, Mr Hayward, who has said that Labour's organisation would always be inferior to the Tories "until our Movement recognises the need to supply the Party with an adequate income centrally."

Unfortunately for Labour, the potential money-suppliers may be reluctant to find the funds until they see some solid signs that these are to be applied to a going concern. The policy document "Economic Strategy" which the Conference will be invited to adopt this week is no doubt intended as a start—but it is hardly convincing. Advocating legally enforced price controls and a voluntary incomes policy, as well as a shopping list of industries "ripe for public ownership" it might be thought to meet Mr Crosland's demand for a policy of growth through controlled prices and incomes. But it does not appear to say how.

The document smells unbearably like the product of a marriage between Slogostop for the Sixties and the public body-building nostrum of 1964-70. But there is one more thing to be said of it. A fortnight ago, Mr Crosland stated publicly that as far as he knew (and as a member of the Shadow Cabinet he surely ought to know) no work had been done in Opposition on what he regards as the key question of prices and incomes. So what are the generalities of "Economic Strategy" based on? I believe Labour will have to do better than this sort of instant "policy" publication to have a hope of returning to power in 1974-75.

RONALD BUTT

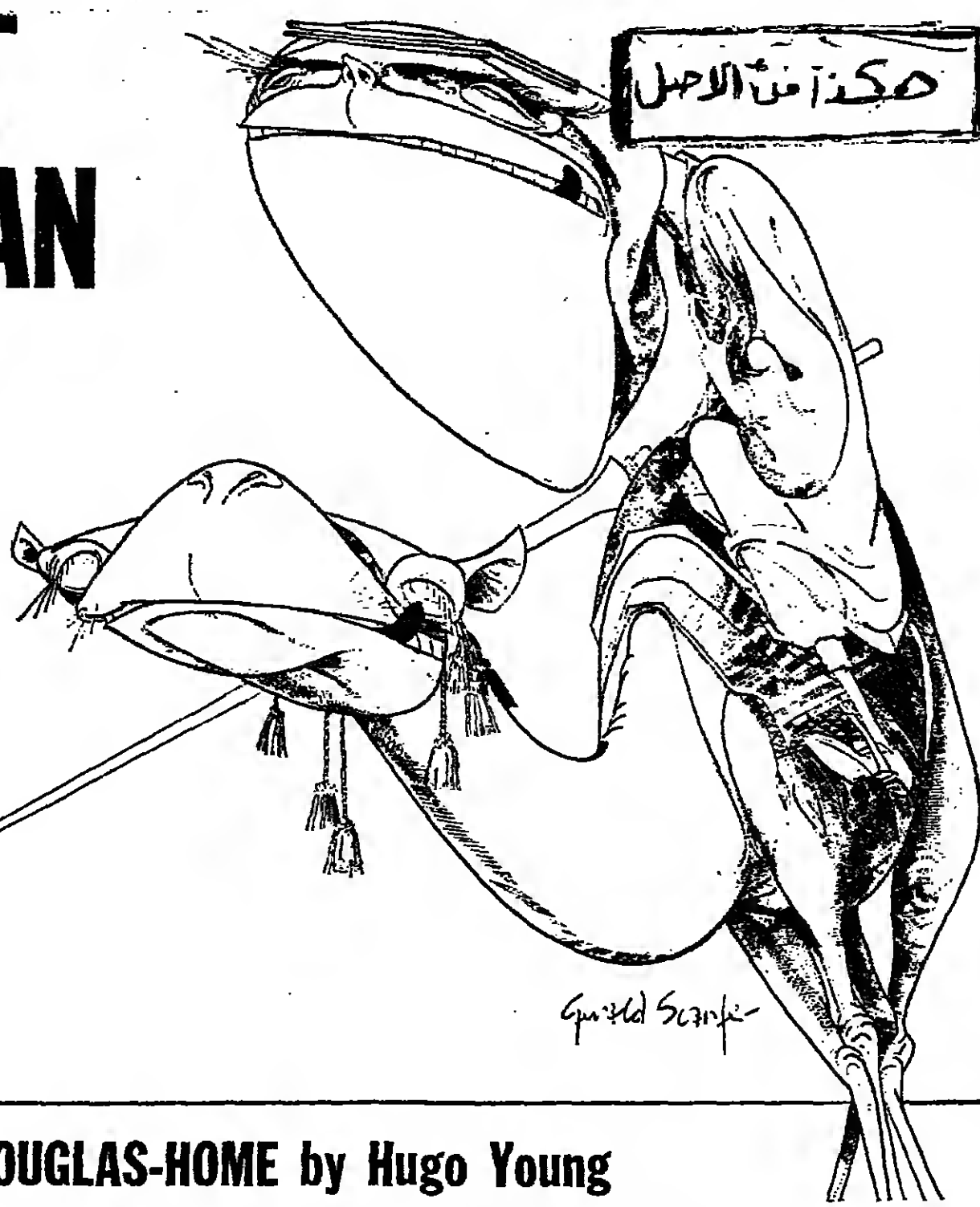
Party is always instinctively inclined to want. Deeper than the issue of Mr Wilson's personality is, perhaps, the question of how far the Labour Party would ever be prepared to take leadership that was not, in some degree, Wilsonian.

هكذا من الاجل

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE COLD WAR



PROFILE OF SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME by Hugo Young



THE EXPULSION from Britain of 105 Russians is an event unheard of in the annals of peacetime diplomacy. It not only exclusively the work of this Foreign Secretary it did not happen under any other.

The menace of world communism is a political fact of which Alec Douglas-Home has more than usual awareness. It is the raw material of his global thinking, which it has infused and fashioned for 30 years.

Small matters and large which Home confronts are judged by this basic political belief.

Last autumn, for instance, it came close to spoiling the fun at the United Nations' 25th anniversary. The draft of the Declaration marking the anniversary included a denunciation of Britain's oldest ally, Portugal. It was a ritualistic formula which the Foreign Office saw nothing wrong with, but Home said he would not have it.

British representatives in New York were instructed to say that unless an equivalent denunciation of Russia was included, Britain would not sign. There would in that event be no Declaration. The Office implored Home to relent, vainly. When the Declaration appeared it included no attack on Russia, but none on Portugal either.

Twenty-five years before, Winston Churchill returned from Yalta. The war was all but won, and with Stalin and Roosevelt he had been carving up Europe. He informed a grateful House of Commons that Poland, which the Russians had liberated, could now be entrusted to them. This was an act of "justice"—a proposition which the young Winston Hogg, and almost all other MPs unquestioningly endorsed.

Only one voice interrupted Churchill's historic disquisition. That of Alec Home, then Lord Dunglass, who insisted on asking what international guarantees there would be. Dunglass said that he "fundamentally opposed" the trust placed in Russia. "I accept it as a fact of power, but I cannot be asked to underwrite it as an act of justice."

From the middle of the war Home preoccupied himself with what would happen after it, and specifically with Russia's part. This logically followed from his earlier support for appeasement, as Chamberlain's private secretary. He was an appeaser from the High Tory school, which feared the Soviets more than it distrusted Hitler.

As the war dragged on, this dominant suspicion remained as strong as ever, greatly fortified, of course, by the horror of having appeased the Nazis. His speeches at the time therefore define Home as one of the earliest articulate prophets of the Cold War.

In modern times "appeasement" regularly enters his private vocabulary as a conclusive argument against trusting the communists. For him nothing has really changed, even though conflict has diminished.

He once said, as long ago as 1964, that he perceived "a sea-change coming over the world at large", in fact, that the relentless challenge had altered. But this uncharacteristic optimism was quickly damped: "Just as we have persuaded the Soviet Union that force cannot pay, we may now

have to convince them that subversion cannot pay either."

On this view the subversive threat, whether in the heart of an African politician or a scientist's dead letter-box under an English oak tree, has not abated.

When he was last Foreign Secretary, Home was out of sympathy with his Prime Minister in this area, although he was politically useful to him. Macmillan, off to Moscow in his fur hat, evidenced a positive lust to embrace the bear. Like Churchill and Kennedy he believed he could get an accommodation with the Russians, and devoted a vast amount of time to it.

Home, hardly more impressed than he had been by Yalta, supplied a different voice, and now finds himself under a Prime Minister who echoes and even orchestrates it. The clean simplicity of the KGB expulsions reflects the sometimes brutal clarity with which Alec Home and Ted Heath would together banish the pedantries of diplomats, scribes and other pharisees.

HOME'S VIEW of the world has been out of fashion for a long time. Yet he has acquired an international reputation which ascribes to his judgment almost mystical powers of penetration. It is a striking paradox.

Although his anti-communism has been called

pre-Dullesite, it has none of Dulles's messianic extravagance. It is held firmly but put politely, and often not put at all. It tends to be qualified by the test of British interest, although often seen as co-terminous with that.

It is also modified by an unshakable belief in the value of talking to people. This is what enabled Home to enunciate so much more clearly than anyone else in New York last week some uncomfortable truths about America's two-China policy. Mainland China is China and must be talked to, and that is the end of it.

Another strength is sheer experience, of which he has more than any British politician. His only domestic distraction is the Conservative Party itself. He is bored by the polemics and the suffocating detail of domestic policy. So his life has been one long foreign affair, and he makes the fullest use of the self-confidence this has given him.

He is capable of disagreeing with the Foreign Office, as he showed over South African arms, but he does not strain to dominate it and is adored by senior men there.

Self-confidence also explains his esoteric methods of getting through the daily grind. Most Foreign Secretaries claim the job is impossible, with telegrams arriving and decisions demanded from every corner at every hour. Not so Sir Alec.

He prudently conserves his energy. Where a Butler or a Healey might wish to stamp every message reaching him with his own insight, wit or recommendation, Home merely notes that he has read it. Taking the Gaullist view that politics are high and forces cosmic, he cannot be bothered with detail.

It is much the same with diplomats who visit him. Invariably they leave believing themselves to have made an impression on a man who must surely be a master-statesman. On these occasions Home in fact says little. With unfailing courtesy he listens to and notes his visitor's often lengthy oration. But his own contribution tends to confirm only the emollient diplomatic power of wise and empty platitudes.

His family, he once said, "did not believe they would care for abroad" and he sometimes resists it himself. After Nasser's funeral, a hot and hectic occasion, he regained his plane at the cocktail hour. But when the steward asked him what he wanted with his ice he replied by inquiring what time it was in London. "Four o'clock," said the steward. "Very well then," said Sir Alec, "I'll have a cup of tea."

Like Lord Carrington, the only man in the Cabinet who might be called a friend, Home is proud of being a practical man. Both men abhor the academic approach.

It would be a gross deviation from character for either to have read the works of Henry Kissinger for example, even though, as President Nixon's adviser, Kissinger has been having more influence than any man on recent diplomacy. Home manages to read few newspapers, and none before the racing pages of the Scottish Daily Express.

These uncomplicated intellectual methods have disadvantages, which Home's friends do not conceal. "Everything tends to reduce itself to a single question," says one. "What is the British interest? The trouble is that some questions are more complicated than that."

Another says: "I still find it incredible that someone with such narrowness of mind can believe that he has an intuitive understanding of the way the world works."

To these criticisms Home might well reply, as he once did to a critic of his political capacities: "Those who say I am out of touch with life simply do not know what life is about." Certainly his belief in his own intuition has survived a startling number of mistakes on the big issues, Munich and Suez being the prize examples, but Africa, the United Nations and possibly Soviet relations themselves also exposing him to the charge.

Any frailties in the record are countered by other priceless qualities, which also explain why relations with Ted Heath have advanced from an uncomfortable start to something like fraternity.

The omens, after all, were bad. Home did not leave the party leadership willingly; it was the knowledge that he wished to stay that precipitated the crisis; Heath had a good deal to do with pushing him out. The old man's unalloyed popularity within the party, however, has been put at Heath's disposal and made necessary use of.

Home was about the only leading Tory deemed fit to handle the alien Ulster Unionists during the last election.

Year after year his appearance at the party conference, calculated with experienced finesse by his handlers, has been used to shame Powellite and other disloyalists, as it will be again next week in the Common Market debate.

There are differences between Home and Heath. Little evidence exists, for example, that Heath's extreme visions of a federated Europe are seriously shared by Home. Powellites, foreseeing the day when they form a states' rights party in European Britain, have more faith in Home than anyone else at the top. Similarly, Sir Alec discloses far fewer furtive longings than Heath for

a world without American domination.

Otherwise little divides them. It was Home who pushed Heath's resale price maintenance bill through the Cabinet, after Macmillan had taken fright at the threat of a party revolt. To the extent that modern Tories must shed remnants of Butskellism, Home, on whom the graft never really took, has no problems.

When he bungled the South African arms affair immediately after the election, it was said that he was losing his touch. He publicised Tory intentions with an unfeeling arrogance which was not the work of a diplomat, and he subsequently regretted it. But anyone who imagined that Home was becoming expendable was utterly mistaken.

THE TRUTH is that Home has had one primary task to complete since returning to the Foreign Office, and that is to liquidate the Rhodesian issue. The continuing anomaly of Rhodesia's status is, however odd it may sound, a gross affront to the soul of the Tory Party.

Tories care about Rhodesia and Tory politicians wish to reach a settlement. But Africa is territory in which Alec Home has never shone. Other diplomats, including Russians, with whom Home has no sympathy nonetheless find common ground with him among the groves and protocols of diplomacy. Black African politicians have little reason to remember him except as someone who rarely showed them much understanding.

As Commonwealth Secretary, Home was almost the last defender of the Central African Federation, a worthy but unsuccessful experiment in white paternalism. He once publicly derided Nyasaland as the slum of Africa—"only a dozen native lawyers and one doctor"—without seeming to understand what this indicated about the quality of British colonialism.

Home's feeling for cosmic forces stopped short of arising in him the kind of vision and sympathy which induced Macmillan to announce the "wind of change" in Africa. Indeed, during the era which that speech inaugurated, Home repeatedly let the Cabinet know that the objective of British policy should be the creation of "a belt of white supremacy" across southern Africa.

With the kind of honest consistency which Home has always manifested this analysis repeats itself today, in the justification of selling arms to South Africa. After early skirmishes with the Cape route and the Soviet naval threat, the argu-

ment has now settled on the Soviet menace from within—black Africa in any present or coming conflict. They do not accept that there will be conflict, or that the whites are wrong, or that Labour achieved anything—in Rhodesia or South West Africa—for example—by following Lord Caradon's line.

Home once shocked his Cabinet colleagues in the early Sixties by sardonically referring to Kenneth Kaunda, the distinguished President of Zambia, as "the white hope of those black boys." It is a remark which could only have been made by someone still imbued with the mentality of the white ruling classes.

Since then Home's view has shifted, an uncomfortable process. When a Zambian visited him recently to state the case against arms sales, the Foreign Secretary adopted his customary blankness for half an hour. But finally the desperate Zambian began to speak of the "Christianity of apartheid" and the affront it offered to the Christians of Zambia.

On that level, Home suddenly began to show an interest—as if it was the first time the point had occurred to him. Perhaps he remembers that he is the man who spoke in these terms at the peroration of his attack on the Yalta agreement: "It is an essential British interest that we should be seen to preserve our moral standards in international behaviour. When our plenipotentiaries go abroad and sign agreements for us, they go as the representatives of a great Christian people."

How loud those thoughts will ring when Alec Home meets Ian Smith in Salisbury remains to be seen. To him it may very well seem that there is no inconsistency between Christianity and a belt of white supremacy, since by his way of thinking the ethical and political vice of world communism make an equal case for preventing its advance—the imperative, against which every other multilateral and bilateral proposal in world politics must be gauged.

Cyril Connolly's famous verdict on Home at Eton has proved singularly false. He has been in no way "honourably ineligible for the struggle of life." He is a decent, sincere and inflexible man who has had the toughness and good fortune to be able to put into practice the belief which has defined his adult life.

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Patrick Campbell In my gondola

AUTUMN TINTS, as a poet might put it, along the Autostrada. A pearly mist veiling the sun, as summer dies its gentle death. Just the time to go and look at Venice, La Serenissima, the Pearl—dammit, we've had that already, but still—of the Adriatic.

All tourists gone, every postcard sold. Only us and the Venetians, and all that beauty, palely gleaming before the winter rains arrive and Venice goes to bed.

There appeared to be a football match going on, or a bullfight, or an immense political demonstration. Far from the Pearl of the Adriatic, La Serenissima, being deserted it looked as though the city, even the Grand Canal itself, must have standing-room only, with more and more cars and coaches queuing up to disgorge more and more tourists.

We had arrived in Venice, in fact, at the absolute peak of its tourist season, judging the matter to a nicety, and with no apparent hope of a bed for tonight, or any other night with the foreseeable future. This was confirmed by a Venetian, dressed in the brown uniform of a porter, leaning against his barrow. "Alles hotels plen," he told us, in the mixed jargon of the city. "Besser zu va omc."

About a hour later the incoming tide of cars swept us up to the roof of the municipal garage, and shortly after that the debouching hordes of travellers swag down again in the lift, every one of us burdened with at least one

suitcase. We'd scarcely touched the ground before we were stolen by a gondolier, or—rather—by a gondolier's agent. He corralled us, and our bags, and in a flash sold us a trip to the Europa Hotel. "Eight thousand lira for gondolier."

We followed his straw boater with the red ribbon hanging down the back as he strode through the crowds. It was hard to keep up with him, weighed down as we were with the luggage. He slotted us into a gondola, pocketed a gratuity, and strode off, a busy man.

The youthful gondolier manoeuvred us along a narrow canal, pausing unexpectedly for some traffic lights, and then showed out purposefully into the Grand Canal. Almost instantly a passing motor launch threw about a bucketful of water straight into my wife's lap. She said nothing, but merely seized the side of the gondola with a hand like a pair of pliers. If this was Venice she wasn't going to be beaten by it. A moment later a launch going in the other direction slopped about a bucketful of water over my side, right into the seat of my checked autumnal trousers. We sat close together, both dripping from the waist down.

The youthful gondolier abandoned his oar. "O Surraames," he cried, "scusi!"

We followed his straw boater with the red ribbon hanging down the back as he strode through the crowds. It was hard to keep up with him, weighed down as we were with the luggage. He slotted us into a gondola, pocketed a gratuity, and strode off, a busy man.

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THIS BRITAIN



Village diocies

there is a triangle of roads in the centre and I guess that this was the old green, taken over piecemeal by a kind of squatting procedure. On it, at the southern end, is the site of the old town park, a pub and garden, and a long-established Baptist church and graveyard.

It all looks terrible now, but the site of the old town park, Public Life (volunteering and library) private enjoyment (pub), birth and death (church) all meeting in a single point—which with true poetic justice is occupied by the ladies and gents; the body's needs take on monstrous dimensions.

This is an excellent plot, but where's the script? There are plenty of words around, but there are little things in the script: car park: "Nu Commuters. Overnight parkers must have written this up. It was probably a public common, at that. Take down the notices and the wire netting, express the differences: pub with white fencing and a beer garden, take down the notices, and the pleached hedge, part of which is there already. Village ball with creeper, to soften a rather over-ripe, but sturdy, old tree. A white trim to make the car park the smartest in Kent. As for the

fill it with rubbish. Or valley towns like Holmrich and Hebben Bridge in the West Riding where extreme slopes of the hills have made the valleys remarkable and disregarded conjunctions—there's an architectural competition out for the centre of Hebben. Badage at the moment. Good. The winner if he wants to smooth it all over. Or indeed, the Valleys

fill it with rubbish. Or 12ley Iowls like Holmfrith and Hebden Bridge in the West Riding where extreme slopes have forced the buildings into remarkable and disregarded junctions—there's an architectural competition out for the centre of Hebden Bridge at the moment and the first prize winner if he wants to smooth it all over. Or indeed, the Valleys themselves—Rhondda Fawr and Rhondda Fach, where the terraced houses and the mountainside at Wattstown or Ferneland are as fine an enrichment to the landscape as anything I know. And that is an objective, classical statement based on not an awful lot of places. If you disagree it is just possible that the answer may be to see more of the world rather than more of us as a nut case.

Ian Nairn

Bars and bed-rolls

Photograph by Stanley Dewan

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR



MAURICE WIGGIN
switches off his television set after 20 years of criticism to write a column from the country

me now, it may have been flogged by some crafty quarterbloke in the stores of the South Staffordshire Regiment and have no more poignant history than simple larceny.

What am I saying? My father was a quartermaster in the South Staffords. He would never have done such a thing. He spent his leaves preaching.

His principles never made him miserable. He was a fine tall man with a merry eye. Like a lot of people wbn never get into the

Of course, with autumn thickening up, it's quite unlikely that I shall actually use the bed-roll. I just like to have it handy and to feel independent. I carry the bed-roll, a box full of utensils and cooking gear, a jerrycan of water, a fishing bag and roll of rods, a compass, torch, binoculars, camera, hurricane lamp, a box of basic books, and a box of basic tools. Anyone stealing my car could live in it for a week, on Dartmoor, and emerge nourished in mind and body.

Then after all that, being incurably gregarious, I usually stay with friends and eat at one of the surviving country inns which make you feel a bit better about the human race and the way things are going.

One such is the Trapnell Inn near Neen Sollars in Shropshire. You need a good map to find it, or a lot of luck. I've had both. It is run with a high degree of individuality and enterprise by an apparently ageless Black countryman named Clifford Mole who used to be an aircraft fitter in Fighter Command. Like me.

Cliff's war wound was a hernia. Lots of fitters got them. At the mysterious cry "Two-Std!" you dropped whatever you were doing around the dispersal and heaved, pushed or pulled on whatever intractable lump of uncongenial machinery happened to have got clogged down. Such as a Spitfire.

It was my cousin Tom Baxter who introduced me to Cliff and the Trapnell. Tom is a former tank commander who now drills regiments of enormous chrysanthemums at Hanley Chhde, just over the border. He and Cliff have the freedom of a few meadows on the River Rea just below the disused railway station.

The station has been converted as a private dwelling and when was there the other day the occupants had been mowing the lawns. They make lovely lawns. There's a big corrugated-iron building in the next field,

making a bit forlorn, with a faded
sign reading F. L. Munkley Ltd.,
Grocers & Corn Merchants. Until
the railway closed down four
assistants worked there full-time,
serving shoppers who came down
the line to Neen Sollars, which I
need hardly tell you is known to
local wits as Clean Collars, from
its more remote or less well-known

It was a single-track line of the finest sort, one of several known affectionately as the Bluebell Express. The romantic legend was that the driver would wait while you hopped off to collect the flowers; the more cynical or realistic version was that the train went so slow you had all the time you needed to pick them without trespassing on his good nature.

Nirwada, they come to the rannpeli by car, those who know, and it's a growing number. Cliff's evening meals are worth the detour (and it's a detour from anywhere). Cliff presides, command, spruce and dapper, smoking a pipe, and the other looking hardy rider than he must have looked on Biggin Hill, up to the abways in old from a Merlin engine that had been taken through the gate once too often in the battles overhead. I was mystified to see any number of little bottles of various antibiotics and going out to my people's pockets. Talk about the modern society . . . It was rider, much.

You leave the bar when you cut the word and climb an iron spiral staircase outside to the concerted hop loft, where dear Dorothy pops up like a pantomime fairy through a sort of trapdoor from the kitchen with food for twice as many people.

The other evening the bar was most entirely inhabited by girls and women, playing darts with any amount of fervour. It turned out that they should have been playing pool, but the boys had taken them in. Apparently it's the females who play around here. What do the chaps do? I tried to find out, which is no way to start a new column. But a few unresolved mysteries give life a zest. How do I know? Well, wherever it may be a column.

New bedtime story

(with apologies to A. A. Milne)

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Edited by Jean Robertson



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THOSE who lament the passing of music hall should have been at Wembley on Monday, when Bugner and Bodell showed that they are the country's only serious contenders for the title held by Morecombe and Wise. Bodell is the one with the short fat hairy legs, and Bugner is the one who slaps his partner's face without hurting him.

A lot of people present who thought they were going to see two fighters demonstrate the noble art of self-defence might have been disappointed, and my advice to them is to examine the intricacies of the Trade Descriptions Act to see if something billed as a championship fight could also be described as a farce.

On the other hand, there are many, myself included, who could kill ourselves for being mug enough to suppose that Bugner v. Bodell would be anything other than a good giggle.

I sometimes wonder about myself. Here I am, a passably sane, rational, even world-wise individual, and yet daft enough to be taken in by the fanfares and the ballyhoo attending heavyweight boxing. Every time it's the same. I convince myself that because nothing in boxing is as it seems, there will come a time when someone like Bugner turns on a display which makes the short fat stand on end and sends one home with that marvellous glow that only comes after having seen a great athlete in action.

In fact, unless I've seen Cassius X. Frazier or Cooper in his pomp, I leave the stadium with the feeling that optimism is the most treacherous of human emotions and that I ought to take up life membership of the Cynics Society. I felt that way after Bugner v. Bodell. I was delighted Bodell won because I had some money on it. And also, on the night, he was the only man in the ring who resembled a prizefighter, which is not saying much when you consider the opposition. What annoyed me was that in watching the fight and nursing false expectations I had, yet again, been seduced by the siren song of the sport.

MICHAEL PARKINSON ON

THE FIGHT THE FIGHT! THE FIGHT? THE FIGHT



I had, once more, turned my back on my long-held theory that the best film ever made about boxing was The Kid from Brooklyn, which is why Danny Kaye in that film was always a more believable pugilist than Kirk Douglas in The Champion. And if that seems too outrageous a proposition, then answer me this: after seeing Bugner versus Bodell and thinking of making a feature film about it, who would you cast in the lead parts, Paul Newman and Kirk Douglas, or Marty Feldman and Jacques Tati?

If there is any consolation to be drawn from that depressing night at Wembley, it is that the

best man won. At least you can trace Bodell's pedigree back through the history of the sport. There have always been pros like him, honest, plain plug-uglies who treated boxing as a trade rather than a science, but at least never gave less than a job's worth.

Bugner is a different matter altogether. He gives the appearance of being an identikit job, someone constructed from everyone's idea of a fighter, and yet lacking the one thing needed to make him viable—the instinct to fight.

Billy Walker, the most recent other identikit boxer, at least had that much. Bugner hasn't. Anyone watching him in any of his fights must come to the conclusion that although he might look the part, he lacks the essential quality, which is the desire to fight, to fight his opponent. This is an admirable omission of character in anyone, excepting someone whose job it is to flatten his opponent.

Bugner is a manufactured article created by public demand. The promoters, the publicists, the people who blow his trumpet are blameless. It is we, the public, who need our heads testing. Why is it, knowing the facts as we do, that we turn up in our thousands to see Bugner fight Bodell? If we are really interested in this kind of sporting skill, wouldn't we be better employed watching it's a knockout, an underwater wrestling or an underwater knitting contest?

As I left Wembley on Monday I thought about a group of friends of mine who went to the World Cup in Mexico. They discovered a restaurant which had lots of charm but little hygiene. After two weeks of eating there and suffering the inevitable Montezuma's Revenge, they presented the manager with a sign to hang outside his establishment. It said: "Sam's greasy spoon. The best food in Mexico. 50,000 flies can't be wrong."

I felt like nailing the same kind of notice on to Wembley's front door. The sure thing about lovers of boxing, like lovers of food, is that they have a sense of humour. It's not optional but obligatory.

The strong spirit of Sheffield United



Like a figure from a Biblical film epic...

TREVOR HOCKEY is the little hairy one with the beard and the hair band. You can't miss him. The rival fans shout "Hockey is a Fairy" when he comes out. Then the game starts and they see he's not a fairy nor a bippie nor even an individualist but simply the solid creative heart of the Sheffield United midfield. Perhaps even the key to the whole team. Everybody got Sheffield United wrong. You could get Mr Hockey wrong, judging by appearance, not performance.

"His looks belie his nature," says his manager John Harris. "He's the most helpful lad you'd wish to meet, hard working, good living, a bundle of energy. I don't like long hair, mind you, but that doesn't mean people should be the same as me. It doesn't affect his play, that's all that matters." On closer inspection, his beard is rather old-fashioned, the mainly naval sort that comes on Player's cigarette packets, not a pop star public one. And the hair band is a bit of cheap elastic, nothing fancy. He's extrovert and optimistic and friendly, nothing flash. Like most of the team, he's been around for years, till suddenly it happened. He hasn't let it affect

Hockey on himself

"I'm an honest player. I never cheat or mess about. I work hard all the time."

him. He hasn't the slightest doubt that Sheffield thoroughly deserve to be at No. 1, but he hasn't had to wear a bigger hair band.

He's 28 and has at last come back to his native Yorkshire after almost a football lifetime on the circuits, serving under nine managers on five different clubs. He was in Bradford City's first team at 16, in the Third and then Fourth Divisions. He jumped to the First with Nottingham Forest, then moved to the Second with Newcastle United. He helped them up into the First, then moved back into the Second with Birmingham City for five years. Nine months ago he moved to Sheffield, then in the Second. He's never won a medal, and hardly been known to anyone outside the teams he's played for. Sheffield paid £40,000 for him in January, which makes him the costliest player in their present team, a laughable sum when you

If any one player has been the inspiration of Sheffield United's success this season that man is Trevor Hockey. A report by HUNTER DAVIES.

think of the price of players in the Leeds, Arsenal and Everton teams, all of them soundly beaten by Sheffield. He doesn't think it was the turning point in his career, though it was an important time for the team as two other players came around the same time, Hope and Ford. The transformation in his life came after two years at Birmingham City; they suddenly made him team captain.

"Up to then I'd been a bit of a tearaway. No thought. Didn't care about anyone. I just used to rattle them without thinking. I was always in trouble. I got two fines of £50 each and a suspension for being sent off. But overnight with being made captain, I started thinking about other people for the first time. I suddenly felt responsible. Now I never jump in. I work out how to contain, not knock them over. I think before every pass. I can't ever see my name being taken again. My game has changed completely."

So why did he leave? On paper, it couldn't have looked much of an advancement, moving from Birmingham to Sheffield United, a club in the same division, only lower down. "I've been happy everywhere, except Newcastle. I never settled there and I was in and out of the team. I was happy at Birmingham, but if ever I see a chance, I take it." John Harris came along, shrewdly having seen the difference in his play, and told him about their determination to be promoted and the way he was building up the team. He liked the idea of the positive challenge.

It's a side of his character which comes out on the field, this engaging lack of hesitation, of going forward positively and supremely confident, never thinking of failure. The whole side has it.

"I could tell the minute I arrived at Sheffield there was a special atmosphere. I felt at home. They were taking the mickey from the beginning, a right lot of beggars they were. I couldn't get to sleep the first night. They'd tipped my bed all over the place."

They were hardly get promoted to the First and when they did, again ignored by all. Now the experts are themselves to explain phenomenal success, explanation is very a work.

"I put work rate in. We've stacks of ability no good without work. A collective work rate, just eight or nine of it, everyone has to. foundation, everyone everyone else."

In just a couple of agents, Press, TV and have suddenly starved him. He's written his own history and it's Derek somebody has. He gets countless in open fetes and stunts, must sell yourself place will give you; along and another for you for nothing at a ceeds go into the tear.

His life style changed. He lives in £3,000 semi in Sheffield. wife, Ellen, who was same sec mod as he d

Hockey on United's

"It's simple: he We wear out team then we bring out our skill

ley. They have two Anne, seven, and Ann six. He drives a Triun covered in a blue velv "It's something diff it". He's proud has one in the club with as he's proud of be bearded First Divis

How long will it last up with people saying week the Press goes the bubble and the still say our luck is in They want sacking, by our position. We're But all that really m next match.

"In this team, we sistent, we're all we and we're all thinking to feel the crowds tained. But what I re about it all is when th up afterwards and s were a cracker again It's the again I like."

Reeling in fish like a machine

NOBODY, overtly at least, bets on the results of sea-angling championships. But even if bookies had been present at Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on the eve of the Southern Sea Angling Television Sea Angling Championship eleven days ago, it would have been impossible to get any worthwhile odds on Ron Edwards of Herne Bay. He was going to win, everybody said, and in fact he cruised in comfortably with a catch of 82lb, well ahead of Paul Cartwright with 55lb. (Cartwright, it's worth noting, was restricted with just as much confidence to fill second place.)

All of which would seem to give the lie to the notion that fishing is just luck. Ranged against Edwards were eleven other finalists who, with himself, were the survivors of an army of 30,000 anglers who, early this year, had set out to win the championship. All the finalists were highly skilled fishermen. But in the event they were beaten by the technique which has made Edwards the most successful saltwater competition angler of recent years. His record of victories is a long one, but it includes the European Championship at Cogh in 1967, the English Championship at Ramsgate in 1969 and wins in '67, '69 and '71 at the Westport International, which attracts a big European entry.

What makes Edwards such a deadly fish-catching machine? Above all, it is his ability to sum up a sea-angling situation. In the Shetland Islands he went to sea with seven sets of tackle laid out for possible use, gear capable of taking any species from small codfish of 1lb or so to giant halibut. Within 15 minutes he had decided that it was going to be a day of small fish. This suited him well. Edwards is easily the best exponent of speed-fishing in Britain—the art of hauling up small fish as quickly as possible.

Down there, 40 fathoms under the keel, swam small parties of codfish running between 1lb and 2lb. As the boat drifted over them, clearly every angler in the boat had an equal chance. Edwards won because he caught them twice as fast as the other competitors.

His long experience of competitive fishing told as well. Most of the finalists, tense and excited, proceeded to bait single fish as soon as they did. More calmly, Edwards allowed his tackle to stay where it was until a second and third fish joined the first on his three-line trace.

But even more vital to his smooth fish-catching rate was the reel he used, one which most sea anglers would regard as an anachronism: a (fin diameter) single-acting (ie, non-gearing) reel rarely seen these days, having been replaced by the multiplier with its complex gearing. The multiplier is far more efficient when it comes to handling any fish over, roughly, 3lb. But for hauling small fish direct from 40 fathoms without the necessity of pumping (dropping the rod-point to pick up slack, lifting the fish with the reel-pool locked, then repeating the process), the single action Edwards used was unbeatable.

Text: Clive Gammon Drawings: Keith Linsell



Ron Edwards: his tackle and methods



9 in Alvey reel



Three feather trace salmon flies replace traditional white feather lures

HOCKEY

THE opening week of the hockey season, the official opening week that is, marks the centenary of hockey as we know it today. The occasion is being suitably celebrated by Teddington Hockey Club, the world's oldest hockey club and happily their festivities coincide with the visit of Australia, the Olympic silver medalists. One of Teddington's games next week is against the Australians.

The centenary of hockey has already been celebrated in this country by the Blackheath club in 1961 but Blackheath, while rightly proud of their heritage, will admit that they played a game—a hasty form of hurling and shinty with a rubber bung and few rules—that bears little resemblance to the modern game. What is more, Blackheath club went into dissolution.

Teddington have had a continuous history. They were the first club to play with a cricket ball and on a well prepared surface—their cricket club's outfield. They helped in the formation of other clubs. They introduced the sticks rule, the circle (a thousand curses on them), and their rules were the basis of today's rules. From their beginnings, hockey has spiralled to its present position, a game played in over 60 countries. Hockey owes them a great debt.

The part played by Teddington in the development of the game has been meticulously researched by the club's captain, Ken Howells, a former Welsh international and is privately published this week in a fascinating book, A Centenary of Modern Hockey.

The book is full of fascinating revelations, anecdotes, cartoons and photographs and through it all comes Howells' unmistakable

Centenary of modern game

love of the game and pride in Teddington. I hope the book will provoke a bigger interest in the history of the game.

Teddington celebrate today with a match against a strong International XI raised by Welsh captain David Prosser and a veterans' match between Teddington and a Combined XI from Teddington's oldest rivals, Richmond and Surbiton. They play Australia at Busby Park on Tuesday afternoon.

The Australians arrive in this country this evening, on their way to participate in the first World Cup which fittingly also takes place in this historic hockey month. The Australians have played Tests in Singapore and Germany on their way here and the highlight of their visit here will be a match against Great Britain at Bristol next Saturday.

Their fixtures are: Tuesday, v. Teddington (Busby Park, 4.0); Thursday, v. Travellers (Chartwell House, 4.0); Saturday, v. Great Britain (Colston School, Bristol, 3.0); Sunday, v. Great Britain XI (Spencer HC, London, 3.0).

Unlike my fellow hockey scribes, I do not see the GB v. Australia match as a vital Olympic qualifying match for Britain. I believe that Britain are already ensured of a place at the Munich Games on the strength of England's results in the last 12 months and that the value of the game to Britain is preparation for Munich.

Vans Agnew and the BHB selectors obviously see it in a similar light since their team will

be based on the side going to India. The one exception is the choice of Corby who was needed in Frankfurt last Saturday when Britain went down 1-0 to Germany. However, Corby was not available for his club yesterday and I hope Britain will not risk playing him at Bristol.

One of the main reasons Britain lost in Frankfurt was because a player was risked. Saidanha, a "ju" victim the previous week, should not have been included. Our mid-field players struggled throughout. None of the halves were sharp and Ekins, a year out of international hockey through jaundice, was cruelly exposed.

The Frankfurt game was too tough a fixture after the summer break. Germany were near the peak of fitness in readiness for the World Cup and their players were match fit as a result of a programme has been under way for several weeks. You cannot play against one of the world's best teams after a month's holiday.

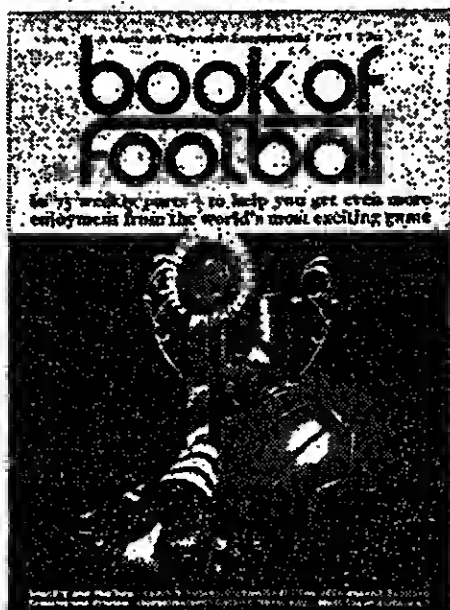
Another more serious aspect of the defeat was the inability of the players to effectively carry out their roles within the 4-2-3-1 system. There were signs of this in England's performances last season but the root of the problem goes deeper. Not enough of our players are playing 4-2-3-1 regularly.

In Germany nearly all the leading clubs are playing the same system as their national team. In this Olympic preparation season, it seems that the GB team manager must, at least, discuss the problem with the team captains (I wish I could say coaches) of the top British clubs.

Patrick Rowley

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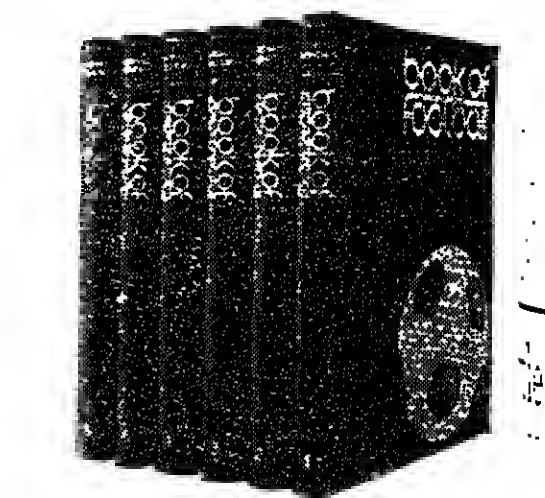
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